

# The NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY



Autumn Number, 1938

JOHN J. EVANS, SR., PRINTER AND PROPRIETOR,  
ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.



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THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.

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
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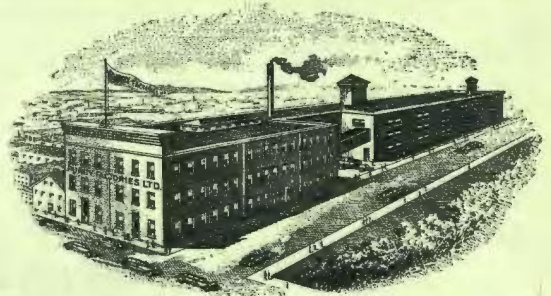
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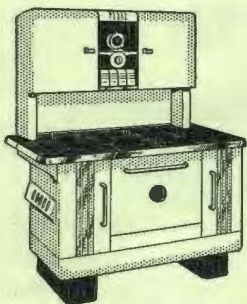


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ST. JOHN'S NEWFOUNDLAND.







Vol. XXXVIII.—No. 2.

OCTOBER, 1938.

80 cents per year.

## HOLIDAY IMPRESSIONS.

By John J. Fitzhenry, Walpole, Mass., U. S. A.



THE grandest picture I have ever beheld broke before my vision under a morning sun as I stood on the upper deck of the steamer "Nova Scotia" on the morning of August 1st, 1938, and gazed through the Narrows of old St. John's.

I was coming back to the haunts of my boyhood after an absence of forty years, back to meet and talk again with the friends I knew in the long ago, back to the class-rooms which had grown dear in memory at the Mercy Convent and Saint Patrick's Hall, back home in all that the word home means to one who lives forever in the happy past; and, while I had cherished through the years a beautiful mental picture of the homeland, the actual sight of the city of my kindred on the sloping hill-side above St. John's harbour was so much grander than I had ever visualized it that my emotions overcame me and I wept like a child. It was just too grand—too beautiful to be expressed in words.

No one knows, no one can ever know, except the

person who has had the actual experience, what that view of St. John's meant to me that August morning. For forty years I had been waiting for this sight, picturing in my mind's eye the narrow slit between two hills, Fort Amherst in the foreground, Chain Rock, the upper and lower Batteries, Cabot Tower replacing the Block House I used to know, the widening harbour beyond, the wharves, the homes, and the twin towers on the hill-top, and it was all as I had pictured it, only grander and more beautiful than I had ever dreamed.

The trip down had been a very enjoyable one and I had made some new friends on the boat whose company was most agreeable. One of these friends, whose home is in Edinburgh, offered the comment that in his wanderings through the Old Country and Canada he had never seen so beautiful a picture as the view of St. John's through the sun-lit Narrows.

At the wharf, on landing, I was greeted by friends in the real, genuine, honest to God spirit of New-



ST. JOHN'S CITY—EAST END—SHOWING NEWFOUNDLAND HOTEL



foundland hospitality. Somehow the greeting there is kindlier, the hand-clasp warmer, the reception more friendly and the heart-beat truer than elsewhere. The feel of the ground under my feet again was a bracing tonic, the clear, fresh morning air filled me with new life; but the greatest joy of all was the warm-hearted reception tendered me on landing and during my stay in the old home.

I went there expecting to find much of the old spirit gone, few of the old friends left, changed conditions in the lives of the people, a city worn by the ravages of time, but my surprise was a most agreeable one. Returning Newfoundlanders, who had become to some extent Americanized, had assured me that my visit would be a disappointment, that a week would be as much as anyone would want to

contact and treated to more open-hearted hospitality than I ever dreamed could be found anywhere. I had not forgotten the warmth of affection, the depth of loyalty, the great generosity or the spirit of self-sacrifice for which my country-men and women have been famous through the centuries, but a lifetime of experience in the competitive marts of American business had taught me not to expect too much for old time's sake from the other fellow. You may judge then of my feelings when I found on every side a most cordial greeting and a truly royal welcome.

The old home may have her political troubles and her depression problems, but I have every confidence in the thought that a race of men who have successfully surmounted the difficulties of the past will



STEAMER PASSING THROUGH THE NARROWS, ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR.

spend at home, that the mode of living and the mannerisms of the people would be an aggravation. What a shame that any son of the soil should utter such a calumny against the land of his birth.

I found St. John's a modern city, comparable in every way with American cities and towns. The homes, as a whole, are in excellent condition; the streets are wide, well-kept, and properly lighted at night, the wharves and storehouses are neat and orderly; the churches and public buildings are architectural gems; and the members of the police department who direct traffic and furnish information to strangers and visitors are smarter in appearance and more courteous in demeanor than any I have ever met in Canada or the United States.

During my short stay of two weeks I was cordially received by everybody with whom I came in

surely deal wisely and intelligently with the problems of to-day. Newfoundland is not alone. The whole world is in a more or less chaotic condition at the present time, politically and industrially, but out of it all will come eventually a greater degree of security for everybody and a better understanding of the doctrine that each man is his brother's keeper, and that the welfare of the masses is of more importance than the accumulation of great wealth by a few.

As a Vacation Land, even for a stranger, Newfoundland is incomparable in its beauty and attractiveness. Nowhere else can be found the rugged coast line, the picturesque bays and inlets, or the charming little settlements whose houses are all homes. There is a something indefinable in the atmosphere of a Newfoundland fishing village, a





ST. JOHN'S CITY, LOOKING WEST.

particular calmness and feeling of restfulness and happiness, a sort of aloofness from the rush and bustle of modern life, a certain degree of—shall I call it sanctity, which gives to the homes of the people, the kitchen gardens, the white-washed fences, the stretching plain or the hillside background, and the quiet waters of the sheltered bay such an air of peace, calmness, tranquillity, trust, contentment, that the uppermost thought in the mind of a visitor is: "Here, surely, is the spot above which 'Angels fold their wings and rest.'"

I believe that the construction of a direct highway between Port aux Basques and St. John's, with proper advertising through the Tourist Bureaus of the United States and a home paper such as THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY, would bring thousands of Americans to Newfoundland every summer.

There may be good arguments against such construction and good arguments for the existing rail service; but knowing the American mind as I believe I know it, I feel sure that if Newfoundland were put within driving distance of the States, a very profitable tourist trade could be developed. Such a slogan as "Drive your car to North Sydney, take it on the boat across the Gulf, and then drive through picturesque Newfoundland" would not fail to attract attention, and might result in putting considerable money in circulation in every settlement between Port aux Basques and St. John's. This suggestion may not be worth the time it has taken to write it; it may have been offered many times before and discarded as worthless; but it is a known fact that the building of good roads increased the annual tourist trade of the New England States



WATER STREET, LOOKING EAST.



by several million dollars. Still I know that the people of Newfoundland understand their problems and their limitations a great deal better than any outside observer.

Why is it, I wonder, that so little attention is paid to the wonderful charms of Newfoundland? Is it because some early adventurers, in the frail crafts of centuries ago, sailed deep into some of the bays in the late Autumn and were caught by an early frost and held there until Spring? Or is it because some writers and rhymsters of the past have fancied they were adding a touch of romance to their themes by referring to the land of snow-capped hills and ice-bound shores? Who knows?

I was impressed most favorably by everything I saw or with which I came in contact during my visit, but the thing which impressed me most—the thing which could not fail to impress any visitor—was the spontaneous generosity of everybody. Nothing was too much trouble so long as it promoted the spirit of hospitality; no effort was too great so long as it fostered the feeling of good-fellowship.

To the many friends who were so kind to me, to the teachers at the old schools who received me so cordially, to the various clergymen who treated me so graciously, to the members of the city government who gave me such a hearty welcome, to the Regatta Committee who honoured me with mem-



SCENE AT OUR ANNUAL REGATTA.

Whatever the cause may be, it is a fact that many people picture Newfoundland as she is not, and the sorry part of it is that Newfoundlanders themselves are responsible, to some extent at least, for the wrong impression which has gone abroad. Is it not high time to make a concerted effort to dispel this wrong impression? And should not we Newfoundlanders of this generation be the ones to make the effort?

Let us paint a picture of the natural beauties of our birth-place, unrivaled anywhere on earth, the rolling stretches of low hills and valleys, the calm lakes and bubbling brooks, the quiet grandeur of the fishing villages, nestling by the sea, with their cozy homes and their miles of fences, the long summer days and the glorious twilight, the brilliant display of the Aurora Borealis, the attractions of a modern city with an up-to-date shopping center, hotel accommodations and service of the finest quality, a courteous and competent police department, theatres, parks, swimming pools and other centers of amusement, the best school system on the American continent, and the most hospitable people on earth.

bership, and to all of the other people who helped to make my two weeks in St. John's the most enjoyable period of my life, I am very grateful, and during the few years of life that may yet remain to me I shall always cherish fondest memories of them all and of my visit to dear old Terra Nova, the grandest spot on earth. May an all-wise Providence guide her destinies, may her people prosper, may the love of home grow ever stronger in her sons and daughters, and may the spirit of hospitality and true Christian unselfishness hover forever around her shores.

## Willow Flute.

By Alma Robison Higbee.

MAKE her a song of the wind's low sighing,  
And rainy fingers in red oak leaves,  
Make her a shield of the bronze wings flying,  
At the timberline a gray dove grieves.

The moon is caught in the silver water,  
Make her a flute that is clear and sweet,  
Just a willow flute for pan's own daughter,  
For the summer goes on cloud-shod feet.



# LABOUR DAY PARADE

## Largest Ever Witnessed in St. John's.

**F**OR many years past "Labour Day" in St. John's was little more than a name for the first general holiday in September. Beyond the fact that on that day the L. S. P. U. held their annual outing, there was nothing to mark the day as being any different from any other holiday for the year.

country and to which no organizations in the city, except those connected with the Newfoundland Railway, were affiliated. Some time ago when announcement was made that the intention was to hold a mammoth Labour Day parade, there was the belief that it would be a successful event, but few visualized such a spectacle as that of September 5th.



HIS EXCELLENCY ADMIRAL SIR HUMPHREY WALWYN AND LADY WALWYN REVIEW PARADE  
OUTSIDE OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE GROUNDS.—Photo-Engravings by courtesy of Daily News.

After Monday, September 5th, the day will have far greater significance so far as this city is concerned and Labour Day will be looked upon as the one big occasion of the year when Trade and Labour organizations unite to give a demonstration of their strength and to hold celebrations befitting the occasion.

The past twelve months has seen many trade and labour organizations formed in St. John's under the auspices of the Newfoundland Trades and Labour Council which was formed some years ago in the

It certainly was the largest Labour Day parade ever held in the city, and one might well say in the country, and if it was not the largest parade of any kind, it compared favourably with such. The last occasion on which an event somewhat similar took place was in 1919 when there was a city wide celebration of the ending of the Great War. On that occasion, it will be remembered, there was a parade accompanied by floats of various description, and it was one of the features of the general rejoicing in Newfoundland for the end of the conflict that had raged for four years before.



It is estimated that between four and five thousand male and female workers participated in the event and that the parade was about a mile in length. That may be judged when it is stated that at the start, when the leaders were near the foot of Patrick Street going east, the last body were at the same point going west and the turning point was the Cross Roads. Timed, the parade took 35 minutes to pass a given point.

The parade then moved off from Water Street to Hutchings Street, Hamilton and Patrick Streets to LeMarchant Road, Harvey Road and Military Road

He congratulated the committee in charge on the splendid manner in which the parade had been organized and was being carried out. He felt that the members knew that it would be impossible for him to broadcast an address on the occasion, but he hoped that the deliberations would be carried out in a spirit of good will and co-operation that would be for the betterment of all.

Cheers for His Excellency and Lady Walwyn concluded the brief ceremony at Government House gate. On a special stand erected for the purpose, His Excellency and Lady Walwyn reviewed the



HIS WORSHIP MAYOR CARNELL ADDRESSING THE MARCHERS  
AS THE PARADE REACHED THE CITY HALL.

and then to the Government House gate where it was received by His Excellency the Governor and Lady Walwyn, who were attended by Captain Schwerdt and Commander Dicken. President Duggan was introduced to His Excellency by His Worship the Mayor and the Chief of Police and he in turn introduced to His Excellency the members of the executive of the council. Mr. Duggan then read an address of loyalty to His Majesty the King, which he requested should be forwarded.

Replying, His Excellency thanked the council for the address which he would be pleased to forward.

parade. On the stand with them was Mr. F. A. F. Lush, Secretary-Treasurer, who pointed out the various organizations as they passed by.

The next stop was made at the National War Memorial where a wreath was placed in memory of the deceased members of the Trades and Labour unions who had paid the Supreme Sacrifice. The parade continued from Military Road around the Newfoundland Hotel to Duckworth Street and New Gower Street and back to the Railway Square where it dispersed.

At the City Hall another stop was made. There



## THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUARTERLY.—II.

His Worship the Mayor and Councillors received the parade and His Worship made an address. All councillors except Councillor Tobin were in attendance. His absence was due to the fact that he is in hospital, but a message from him was received by President Duggan.

Each organization marched as a unit and it was possible to see the strength of them. Banners and floats were provided by the various unions, and the whole made a sight which must be looked upon as a memorable one in the history of the city. The brass band and drum and bugle of the C. L. B., Guards Band, and two S. A. Bands were also in the procession, and the music discoursed all along the route was very fine.

The organization of the event was carried out in a most efficient manner and the parade was conducted splendidly. The orderliness with which the various units marched could not have been more perfect were parades held here regularly. Each union had appointed marshals who were in charge and they carried out their duties to the letter.

A set place for assembling was assigned to each organization, and all were in their positions at the appointed hour. Before the parade started, addresses were made over radio stations VONF and VOGY by the executive of the Trades and Labour Council. They were introduced by Mr. Alan P. Walsh, chairman of the parade committee, and spoke in the following order: President A. G. Duggan, Grand Falls; 1st vice-president R. J. Fahey, St. John's; 2nd vice-president Charles Raines, Corner Brook; 3rd vice-president James Bragg, Grand Falls; 4th vice-president M. F. Armstrong, Buchans; Treasurer T. W. Sanger, Grand Falls, and assistant secretary F. A. F. Lush, St. John's.

### ORDER OF PARADE.

In the morning, before the event started, members of the Executive of the Council called on Mrs. Duggan and presented her with a beautiful bouquet, which was much appreciated by her.

Leading the parade was a pair of horses attached to a historic brougham in which rode President Duggan, His Worship the Mayor, The Chief of Police and Mr. Alan Walsh, chairman of the parade committee. In the same brougham there rode through the streets of St. John's the late King George V. when he visited here as Duke.

To give an adequate description of the parade would be most difficult. Each and every unit deserved mention whilst the floats were of a particularly pleasing nature, and it was not possible to note all the details of them as they passed by.

At the very lead were the motor cycle police, then the horse police immediately following being the brougham already described. Delegates of the Trades and Labour Conference then marched and immediately afterwards were the members of the executive of the council.

The order of Unions was as follows:

Coopers.  
Boot and Shoe Workers.  
Railway Clerks.  
Railway Machinists.  
Union Carmen of America.  
Carpenters.  
Bakery Workers.  
Shop and Office Employees.  
Barbers.  
Aerated Wafer and Tobacco Workers.  
Garment Workers.  
Electrical and Telephone Workers.  
Screen Workers.  
Municipal Council Workers.  
Printers.  
United Nail and Foundry Co.  
Colonial Cordage Co.  
Plumbers.  
Tin and Sheet Metal Workers.  
Painters.  
Bricklayers and Masons.  
Newfoundland Workers Association.

### THE FLOATS.

It would be impossible to do justice to the floats in any description. All were very artistically decorated and each conveyed its own message which was not lost on the vast assemblage which lined the streets to see the parade.

The first float was termed "Wheels of Progress" and this demonstrated the various avenues through which progress in the country can be achieved. The float from Corner Brook depicted the various industries carried out at that town. The boot and shoe workers had one which showed what work is being done by these workers. There were floats from the railway which were very impressive, as they not only showed the kind of work that is being done at the railway, but work was going on on the floats as the parade moved along. One of the floats that caused much favourable comment was that on which there stood four ladies dressed in white. Each was standing in an archway over which were the mottoes, "Education," "Liberty," "Progress," "Justice." A float from the railway that was much admired was that on which there was a model of a railway engine and tender, the wheels of which were in motion as



the parade moved along. The Coopers had a float which had on it various classes of barrels, etc., made by these men. The Barbers had a barber shop in operation, whilst the Printers had a press working printing dodgers, advertising the baseball game which was being held in the afternoon. These were distributed as the parade moved along. Carpenters showed on the float some of the work done by tradesmen of this type, whilst the float of the shop and office employees depicted the many avenues of employment covered in this organization. Bakery workers floats were provided by McGuire's and Our Own Bakeries, and the Newfoundland Butter Co. had a float depicting the manufactures of that plant. Clothing factories showed young ladies at work, whilst for the electrical and telephone workers there were poles and a small switch-board at which a young lady sat. Most admired were the three floats of the Municipal workers. One that attracted considerable attention was that of the streets department. This showed an ideal street with row of houses, asphalted streets, concrete curb and gutter, and at the end a park with trees and flowers. Other floats were from the Colonial Cordage Co., United Nail and Foundry Co., Sheet and tin metal workers, Plumbers and steam fitters.

The oldest union in the parade was the coopers, who led. The second oldest were the bricklayers and masons. This organization was founded in 1904 and they carried a banner that was used in the year of organization and was last used thirty years ago. The oldest member of the union, Mr. C. Burrige, who is eighty years of age, participated in parade.

The first Labour Day parade under the new set up was a success in every respect, and all connected with it have reason to feel proud of the turnout and of the manner in which everything was conducted.

## ❁ Pioneers of the Air. ❁

[Brown and Alcock took off from Lester's field on Saturday afternoon, June 14th, 1919. During that foggy Saturday night they crossed the Atlantic and landed at Clifden, Ireland, next morning. They performed this feat—the first non-stop flight—in sixteen hours.]

By Ethel Weir.

THE plane took off. The watching crowd  
Dispersed, as in the air  
Two stout hearts Eastward steered, to face  
The hidden dangers there.

On, on they sailed for non-stop flight,  
Which no one yet had made;  
On, in the misty lonesome void  
Steadfast and unafraid.

On, through the trackless atmosphere,  
High o'er the vast black main;  
On, with no glimpse of fleecy cloud  
No friendly Charles's wain.

On, while the fantasies of night  
Leap from their shapeless lair;  
On, with their clanging hopes and fears  
One purpose ever clear.

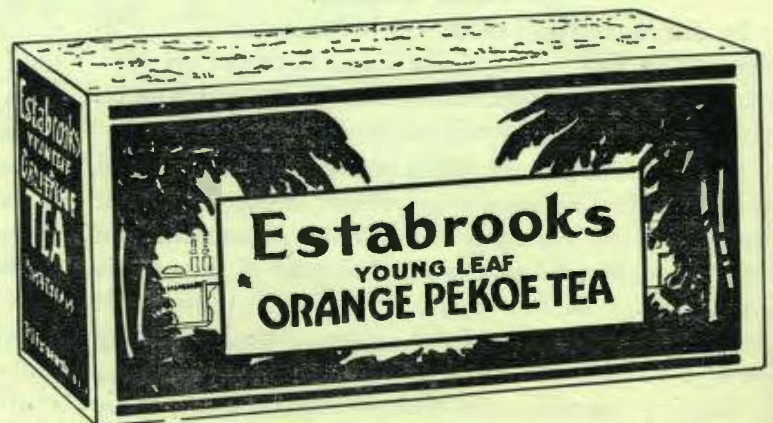
On, with hope that the new born day,  
Would cheat the Reaper's toll;  
On—'till at length they hovered o'er  
The Emerald Isle—their goal.

'Twas solemn moment! No one spoke.  
They land 'mid joyous shout;  
And as the wires flashed the news,  
The Sabbath bells rang out.

From pulpits overseas 'twas told,  
And congregations there,  
Gave thanks to Him, who has control  
Of land and sea and air.

The world owes much to men, who this  
Adventurous spirit show,  
And in historic page inscribed  
Their names immortal glow.

# HAVE YOU TRIED



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## T. H. ESTABROOKS Co., Limited.



# *New Wing at C. of E. Orphanage*

## *Dedicated and Formally Opened.*

*Ceremony Performed by His Lordship Bishop White—Sir Edgar Bowring Makes Generous Offer.*

**T**HE Church of England garden party at Shannon Munn grounds, under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency the Governor and Lady Walwyn, The Lord Bishop of Newfoundland and His Worship the Mayor, took place Thursday, September 1st. The large number of friends of the Orphanage had an enjoyable evening and the proceeds from the tea tables, housie-housie and other popular features were up to expectations.

The principal event of the day was the dedication and opening of the new addition to the Shannon

Munn Memorial Orphanage which took place at 3 p.m.

The building was dedicated by His Lordship the Bishop and was then formally opened by the Hon. Sir Edgar R. Bowring, K.C.M.G. The nicely set out grounds were gaily decorated with bunting, and a platform was erected in front of the building for the ceremony. His Lordship the Bishop was accompanied by his private chaplain Rev. J. Brinton and Rev. Canon Howitt, Chaplain of the Orphanage. The children from the girls' and boys' orphanages were grouped at one side of the platform in charge



AT THE C. OF E. GARDEN PARTY—SIR EDGAR BOWRING, K.C.M.G., DECLARING THE NEW WING OPEN.

From left to right: Mr. E. A. Bowring, Rev. Canon Higham, Mrs. J. S. Munn, Sir Edgar Bowring, His Lordship Bishop White, Mr. P. A. Winter, Rev. J. Brinton and Rev. Canon Bolt.—Photo-Engraving by Evening Telegram.



of the lady superintendents Mrs. White and Mrs. Winter. The orphanage contingent of the C.L.B. was drawn up as a guard of honour. The ceremony began when His Lordship the Bishop and attending clergy, including Rev. Canon Higham and Rev. Canon Bolt proceeded from the main building to the platform where were assembled the members of the Orphanage Executive Committee, the General Manager, Mr. Paul Witer; Sir Edgar Bowring and Mrs. John Munn, the founders of the Shannon Munn orphanage and farm for boys. After the rendition of the Hymn "O God Our Help in Ages Past" by the assembly, His Lordship the Bishop called on Rev. Canon Bolt to address the gathering. Following his introductory remarks Canon Bolt outlined briefly the history of the C. of E. Orphanage since its inception in 1855, and then led up to the purpose of the gathering—the dedication of the new wing, the building of which was made possible through the generosity of Sir Edgar Bowring in donating half the building cost.

His Lordship the Bishop then called upon Sir Edgar Bowring formally to declare the building open. Sir Edgar endorsed an appeal made by Canon Bolt for more generous support of the projected program of extension and general improvement of the Orphanage. For his part he made an offer of a similar nature to that which made the new extension possible, viz.: to meet half the cost of a separate school building which is a very pressing need of the orphanage. This splendid and generous offer following so closely Sir Edgar's recent benefaction was very warmly applauded by the assembly. Sir Edgar then turned the key in the entrance door and declared the building open. His Lordship the Bishop, assisted by Rev. Canon Howitt, conducted the dedicatory service and the ceremony was brought to a close with the National Anthem.

#### NEW ADDITION.

The new wing has three flats and basement with the most modern plumbing, heating and kitchen equipment. It is plastered throughout and all the flooring is hardwood. It provides private quarters for the General Manager and his family, and living quarters for the senior boys. It will make possible, eventually, the accommodation of 20 additional boys in the Orphanage. There is a dining room and large living room for the senior boys on the first floor, as well as a large modern kitchen and pantries. On the second flat, besides the private quarters of the Manager, are bedrooms, baths and toilets for the boys. It is noticeable in this layout

that rooms, rather than the usual dormitories are provided.

The third floor contains bedrooms and baths as well as a large dormitory and wash room that will accommodate 10 or 12 boys of a group immediately below the seniors.

The chief feature in the basement is a generous size workshop for the senior boys. It is the definite purpose of the Management to start without delay instruction for the boys in a course of regular carpentry work. This had not been possible in the past through lack of proper facilities. The steam heating plant is designed to take care of the heating of both buildings. At the back of the basement there is a large cloak room and wash room where the boys coming from work on the farm can change their boots and clothing. The room is equipped with hot and cold basins, shower and toilet facilities. There is a laundry in the basement as well and also a vegetable storeroom.

This splendid building was designed by Mr. W. D. McCarter. The general contractors were Saunders, Howell & Co., Carbonear. The plumbing and heating equipment was installed by J. H. Lakin; Mr. George Conway was the plastering contractor, and the painting and decorating was done by Mr. Victor Carlson and his staff.

The new wing will make possible many improvements and additions in the main building, thereby providing a well balanced institutional layout.



## DREAMS.

By Mrs. Clyde Robe Meredith.

DREAMS are the hallucinations  
Glimpsed through tear wet eyes—oblations  
That life has made when trysting goes  
The soul, in the quest no one knows,  
Save he who dreams and in his dreams  
Finds a resting place safe from the schemes  
Of travelling graft and greed and hate,  
That man foists on man much like the bait  
The wary fisherman dangles in air,  
To lure his prey; make it forgetful there  
Death and destruction hide and lie in wait,  
With tasty muscles, to suck out the life  
That struggles bravely through unequal strife,  
To carry on the battle to its end—  
A tragedy of wasted hopes, that tend  
To nurture falling vigor to its death—  
A broken courage that smiles. Each breath  
Stabs into a terror-stricken wound,  
Until its victim fearful had swooned;  
A blessed forgetfulness, the rood  
That only happy dreams could have sued.



## Third Annual Horse Parade.

**T**HERE are people who say that almost anything new or revived can be made a success once, but the test is how successful it is on a second occasion. If that is true the Horse Parade is one of the most popular events now conducted in St. John's because the third successive one held Wednesday, September 14th, was the most successful yet held. And that is based not only on the number of horses that participated (even though that was the largest), but from the interest displayed by the general

Fort Townshend, an energetic committee was on hand to direct all to the sections allotted for the various classes and promptly at 2.30 the parade moved off. Leading were the motor cycle police followed by the Mounted Police and the Mount Cashel Band. Then followed the landeau in which drove His Honor the Mayor, Chairman of the Parade Committee, The Chief of Police, President of the S.P.A., Mrs. Lovat Janison, President of the Junior branch of the S.P.A. and Mrs. J. B. Mitchell, Vice-President of the S.P.A. and one of the oldest



THE START OF THE HORSE PARADE FROM FORT TOWNSHEND.  
Photo by A. G. Williams.

public. Never was there a larger number of people to view the event from the streets and at Government House grounds where the judging was done.

### **Fine Animals.**

They saw a parade of animals that was creditable to the owners in every respect and which emphasized the interest that is being taken in keeping animals in good condition. It was not a parade of the horses considered to be the best in the city, under general standards, but was held for the purpose of encouraging good treatment and if the S.P.A. did nothing more than to encourage horse owners and drivers to keep their animals as horses in this parade were kept, they would be doing a very important work in the city.

### **Assembly Place.**

The parade was well conducted. Assembling at

members and most active workers. Then followed the Fire Department horses and others in their various classes. As the beautiful animals walked proudly along the streets to the tunes of the martial airs rendered, it was a fine sight.

### **At Government House Grounds.**

Arriving at Government House grounds, His Excellency the Governor and Lady Walwyn reviewed the parade from in front of Government House. They were attended by Commander Dicken and Capt. Schwerdt whilst the gentlemen who were acting as judges were also there.

His Excellency had kindly placed the grounds at the disposal of the committee for judging purposes. Though the place was large it was all taken up by the animals who were arranged in their different classes for judging purposes.





THE HORSE PARADE ON DUCKWORTH STREET.

Photo by A. G. Williams.

The judges worked in parties of four. Before they went to the grounds they did not know what classes they had to judge. All classes were placed in a hat and judges drew from that the classes of horses they had to act for. With so many fine animals and all of such good condition the task of selecting the winners was not by any means an easy one. Every single horse in the parade deserved prizes were it possible to give them, but some had to be disappointed. As soon as the winners in each class were announced Mrs. Lovat Janison pinned the ribbons on them.

His Excellency the Governor had presented a cup for the horse considered to be the best condition in the show. The Commission of Government offered another trophy for the best Government owned horse in the show whilst the motor truckmen of the East End stand had offered a trophy which was awarded to the best horse in the Truckmen's class.

The Commission of Government trophy was won by The Newfoundland Government Railway Express Department horse driven by Mr. Thos. Tobin. The special cup offered by the Truckmen was won by Mr. Harry Dunne who also was selected as the winner of the Governor's trophy. These cups were presented on the grounds. The first two by His Excellency the Governor and His Excellency's cup by Lady Walwyn.

After the judging was completed the parade reformed, and accompanied by the C.L.B. and S.A. Bands which drove in motor trucks, the parade around town was proceeded with. The line of route was Military Road, Cochrane, Duckworth, New Gower, Job and Patrick Streets to LeMarchant and Harvey Roads and back to Fort Townshend where the prizes were presented by His Honour the Mayor who congratulated all on their selection.

**Police.**

1st, No. 7; 2nd, No. 4; 3rd, No. 1; 4th, No. 5.

**Fire Department.**

1st, No. 9; 2nd, No. 4; 3rd, No. 8; 4th, No. 10.

**Stallions.**

1st, John Russell; 2nd, Gordon A. Miller.

**Old-time Waggon.**

1st, James Voisey; 2nd, George Simmonds.

**Buggies and Racing Gigs.**

1st, M. J. Walsh; 3rd, Bert Guzzwell.

**Truckmen's Union.**

1st, Harry Dunne; 2nd, Donald Morrissey; 3rd, Charles F. Lester; 4th, Robert Oliver.

**Merchants.**

1st, Harvey &amp; Co.; 2nd, George Neal; 3rd, Nfld. Butter Co.; 4th, Royal Stores.

**City Stables.**

1st, No. 155; 2nd, No. 124; 3rd, No. 162; 4th, No. 132.

**Farmers.**

1st, Harold Bishop; 2nd, Mount Cashel; 3rd, H. J. Cowan; 4th, Alan Ruby.

**Government.**

1st, Nfld. Express Co.; 2nd, Lighthouse Department.

**Express Horses.**

1st, Royal Stores; 2nd, M. J. O'Brien Co.; 3rd, Max Lawlor; 4th, M. J. O'Brien, Ltd.

**Bakeries.**

1st, Central Bakery; 2nd, Our Own Bakery; 3rd, West End Bakery; 4th, Central Bakery.

**Ponies.**

1st, Charles Whitten; 2nd, James Aspell; 3rd, Martin McDonald; 4th, George Budden.

**Colts.**

1st, L. Farrell; 2nd, Bert Guzzwell.

**Coal Horses.**

1st, C. F. Lester; 2nd, A. H. Murray &amp; Co.; 3rd, Alex. Benson; 4th, C. F. Lester.

**Outport Horses.**

1st, W. J. O'Donel; 2nd, Eli Thorne; 3rd, Thos. McGrath; 4th, William Ryan.

**Saddle Horses.**

1st, Mayor Carnell (J. D. O'Driscoll driver); 2nd, W. J. Murphy; 3rd, Joan Hickman; 4th, M. J. Taylor.





# Our Little Rivers.



## CHAPTER IV.—NORTH-WEST RIVER, TREPASSEY.

By W. J. Browne.

**O**NE hundred miles South of St. John's, at the end of a long winding ribbon of road of uneven width, the village of Trepassey spreads her graceful beauty around the shores of the finest harbour in Newfoundland. The Western shore is a green-clad hill with a strip of sand at the foot by Doran's; little fishing vessels lie at anchor here when driven in from the fishing grounds by rough weather. The houses on the Lower Coast silhouette the sky to the South-East; the rest of the settlement extends on either



THE FALLS, NORTH-WEST RIVER, TREPASSEY.  
The river was in flood when this picture was taken.

side of an imposing group of buildings, church, school and convent, which seem to have been designed to play a part as the centre of a great seaport. On the top of the gently sloping ground, high, aloof and solitary, and visible for miles around, the priest's house stands like a sentinel on the City's ramparts. The main road skirts the harbour at a respectable distance and crosses the puny North-East river to wind around the hills above Shoal Point. Then it crosses Daniel's Point, and five miles from the Church arrives at the North-West River bridge.

For the past four years I have gone to Trepassey

in the first half of July to fish for salmon. On my second visit I reached Daniel's Point in the evening in time to meet some friends on the hand of going back to town. They had had very poor look. One of them had been away from Newfoundland for three long years, and he had come home full of that hope only the true fisherman can feel, intending to realize some of the day-dreams of tight lines and full baskets. And here he was, downhearted, after two days of unprofitable activity on the river.

"How did you do," I asked. "Did you get any fish?"

"Not one," he said, "I never even had a rise."

"Stay on with me," I said, very confidently, "and we'll catch them to-morrow morning."

A great fisherman doesn't need much encouragement when the fish are running, and my friend has the soul of a great fisherman, so he decided to stay.

"What time shall we go up, five or six o'clock?" he asked. "No," I said, "I don't believe in early rising during the holidays any more. We'll go up about ten. That'll be time enough."

He was not sorry to have one good night's sleep for he had been up at the crack of dawn for two successive mornings and he had fished on steadily and wearily until dark each day.

The next morning about ten o'clock we sauntered up to the river, confident and almost swaggering; at least, I felt that way because it was my first day's fishing. The first thing we saw was a half dozen motor cars parked near the warden's shack.

"This doesn't look very good for us" said my friend. "Oh that's nothing, I don't mind that" I said, although, to tell the truth, I did feel inwardly a little annoyed at the prospect. Nevertheless it was my first day fishing at Trepassey and I wasn't going to be discouraged. Besides I was anxious that my friend should get a fish.

"Here's the warden, let's ask him if there are any fish running."

The veteran warden walked over to meet us.

"Good morning, Warden, how are the fish?"

"Begob sir, you're too late. Every pool on the river is taken up; a crowd came in by the cars during the night; 'tis a holiday in town to-day."

"Never mind," I said, "we'll find a place. What about here right under the bridge, and what about



that pool under the rock up there? That looks a likely place for a salmon to lie."

"Well sir, old Mr. Winter and Mr. Rennie used to get fish there, but I never saw anyone cast a line there this long time."

"If Mr. Winter and Mr. Rennie used to fish there," I said, "that settles it. The fish must lie there, for they must have been the best pair of fishermen who ever fished here. Have'nt you got two pools on the river called after them?"

That was true enough. There is a Winter's Pool and a Rennie's Pool, and I don't think any grander tribute can be paid to a fisherman than to have a pool on a good salmon river to perpetuate his name.

We got our rods ready, and after a little deliberation my friend went up to the rock, and I stepped out on a ledge and started fishing the rough water almost directly below the bridge. The warden stood on the bridge and watched. In about five minutes I rose a fish on the far side of the stream. A few more casts and I was into one that took me down under the bridge where I lost him. I hooked another in the same place and soon lost him. Then I hooked and landed two. There were plenty of salmon on the other side of the river where a big smooth rock diverted the current and made a nice resting place for the fish. As my friend had apparently caught nothing we changed places. He preferred a short line to a long one; he therefore crossed the bridge and got down on the other shore where he could drop his line just above the salmon.

He was'nt there long before he had hold of a fish. I'm not sure if he landed that one, but before long he had one ashore. I hooked and landed another in the little pool above. I couldn't expect any more from this pool; anyway, I was satisfied. In the meantime my companion had caught a second fish that went down the river into the salt water. It took twenty-five minutes to land him, although he only weighed five pounds. In two hours we had taken five fish and lost three. Whilst we were photographing them we saw the other fishermen who had been up the river since daylight coming down Dean Born's Hill—they had caught one fish amongst them all!

This story illustrates some of the peculiar features of salmon fishing. No one had taken any fish from these pools for years. I have fished them since, but although I rose a good many fish beneath the bridge I have not been able to catch another there. On that particular day, that I shall always remember, the conditions must have been just right. A fresh school of fish had come in with the tide and were resting before ascending the river.

Skill and patience are not the only necessary attributes of a fisherman; some people will say that we were in luck.

About fifty yards above the bridge on the West side there is a little run near the shore, where I rose a fish a dozen times very late one evening. That I did not hook him was due, I feel certain now, to faulty technique, and proves how difficult is the art of salmon fishing. The late Mr. Wood, an Englishman and famous as the brilliant exponent of greased line fishing, said that in hooking a fish the rod should be lowered and pointed down the river. Our practice is to lift the rod with varying degrees of violence, and the effect is to pull the fly away from



THE CROOKED POOL.

the fish, or to prevent the fish from getting a good hold. The result is a large number of fish lost.

This explanation is the only reasonable one that I can find for the fact that fishermen on this river lose so many fish—certainly as many as are caught. Two years ago, at the Rock Pool, which is about five minutes' walk from the bridge, I hooked ten fish in an hour but lost them all after short struggles that never lasted more than five minutes. That afternoon another fisherman had a similar experience in the run below this pool; he hooked and lost twelve. Of course there is a fast current at this place, and it may be that we do not let the fly float naturally, which was Wood's method, and allow the fish to hook himself. Very few fishermen that I have met would have the patience to watch a



salmon come after a fly and not strike but wait for the fish to swing around to his first position and come at the fly a second time in one cast. Most of us learned our fishing by catching trout with worms or with three flies pulled fast across the surface. Fishing for salmon requires much more delicate and refined methods, although I must except fishing for rainbow trout, for this species is as difficult to catch as the *Salmo Salar*.

All the pools on the Trepassey River are within two minutes walk of the old road that once connected this settlement with the Riverhead of St. Mary's. The main pools are in order of their distance from the bridge, Rock Pool, Rennie's Pool, Winter's Pool, Crooked Pool, Sandy Pool, and the Falls Pool which is about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the Bridge. At high water, Rennie's is nearly a hundred yards wide, and simply can't be fished. I have never caught anything there, but the part that is reputed to be the best is at the head of the pool out in the middle of the river. It can be comfortably fished in low water. You throw the fly out as far as you can where the current is wide and smooth. I was told this summer that it was the best pool on the river and contains the biggest fish which rise eagerly to a double-hook Mar Lodge. I have never used this fly, nor have I found anything more effective than a Jock Scott with the Silver Grey a good second. On looking up Hodgson's "Model set of Flies" set out at the beginning of his book on Salmon Fishing I notice a marked similarity between the two flies. The difference is found in details, although the Mar Lodge appears to give a darker effect. I heard of a man this year catching a salmon at the Crooked Pool on a Parmachene Belle, which proves the truth of the old saying "When they are taking they will take anything." Ah! but when they are not taking, what then?

Winter's Pool is a lonely spot, very few fishermen go there at all. I have been there a few times, but saw no fish. A high point of rock juts out across the river here, and the pool below is long, wide, and deep. Alder bushes and fir trees grow thickly on the high banks by the shore, so that I have always been puzzled as to how the place ever was favourably regarded. The wardens never have recommended it to fishermen; yet as the fish must pass through this pool there can be no doubt that at times fish may be caught there. Sometimes it will be found that the fish habitually lie in a particular place and if you try elsewhere you will catch nothing. This may be the case at Winter's Pool, but it looks as if most fishermen will continue to pass it by as long as the pools farther up the river

offer good chances of catching a fish.

No one fisherman will ever agree with another on what is the best pool on a river, because there are so many factors entering into such a consideration. Now some people will swear by the Crooked Pool where there are always fish and others will rave about the Falls Pool where I never even saw a fish caught. The former receives its unusual name from its tortuous shape, for the river after its descent over the falls at its head flows down through a shute of rock about thirty feet long and into a deep hole with ledges of rock jutting out on either side. These reduce the speed of the current so much that the water becomes almost placid and makes an ideal run by the high rock which is the favourite casting place for all fishermen.

In high water the upper part of this pool is difficult to fish satisfactorily from the path side. As it is impossible to wade across the river at such a time the pool can be reached only by a very difficult boggy trail from the bridge. Two men caught thirteen fish from the left bank one day this year and that was good fishing in such water. Just below the rock previously mentioned there is a smaller rock within reach of a long line from the former, but the best way to fish the lower pool is from the shore on the other side. Above the rock, too, there are ledges under water against which the fish rest. When the river is low the swift water above the shute is a good spot to try for a fish. You have to stand about twelve feet above the water on the bedrock and allow the fly to swing around at the tail of the pool. Because the current is so strong, the fish come fast after the fly, and they often miss it. It requires some skill and nerve, and more patience to hook a salmon here.

Between this place and the Sandy Pool there are several well defined places where the salmon lie. The fish lie near the shore and behind rocks. One day last year I came down from the Sandy Pool just in time to see a fisherman hook a fish. I volunteered to dip the fish in my dipnet for him, but where I tried to dip him there was a lot of froth from the river so that I could not see the fish clearly. Anyway I lost the fish on him. He went back and in a minute rose another fish, but although he tried for a long time he did not get the fish to rise again. He decided to go back to his breakfast; I tried to persuade him to keep on trying because I felt disgusted with myself for my failure to dip the fish, but he went ashore and left me in possession of the pool. Before he reached the shore I hooked a fish which he dipped successfully for me. I went straight back to the pool and almost instantly hooked another



which the same gentleman dipped. He had returned good for evil with a vengeance, and his breakfast was waiting. He was only fifty yards away when I hooked another, and I could see him at the rock at the end of the Crooked Pool when I hooked another. In all I caught six fish in about an hour. A friend of mine was up at the Falls Pool with only one fish, so I sent my guide up for him. When he saw my catch he would not have his breakfast but started in at once to repeat my performance. He caught and landed five fish and lost two or three more. This was as fine a morning's sport as any fisherman could desire. Although the fish are small, averaging between four and five pounds, the current is strong, and the fish are game. Besides it is a hard place to land a fish because there is no beach, nothing but rocks. It is very easy to fall in and get wet along this part of the river, but if you are very careful in getting a good foothold, there should be no danger.

At one of the three runs that yielded so rich a return to us in 1937, I had one especially interesting experience. One fish as soon as he was hooked dashed across the stream, made a flying leap and landed in on the shore amongst the rocks. I had a similar experience four years ago with this difference, that on the former occasion I laid down my rod to approach and catch the fish, with the result that he bounced back into the river and got away. On this occasion I held up the rod almost playing him as if he were in the river, and thus kept him ashore.

There are also numerous runs between this point and the Sandy Pool. This pool is about fifty yards long and about thirty yards wide. At the end of the pool the water flows over ridges of rock known as the "whale's back," and in the holes worn in this bedrock by the ice during past seasons the salmon find resting places, but the fish lie in the runs and ripples all the way down to the rapids above the Crooked Pool. The best fishing, therefore, is at the end of the Sandy Pool, and a good many difficulties have to be overcome in landing a fish. It would be much nicer and simpler if they could be dragged ashore on the little sandy beach that gives the pool its name. The beach is a lovely place for lunch, although a breakfast of ham and eggs, with tea and toast, can be a very tasty meal right here. Usually, there is a little trouble in finding firewood, as the trees are all green on the steep hillside. The beach serves as a base for parties spending the day on the river, as the Falls are visible from here although they are reached by a path along the top of the cliff. Sometimes on warm days those who are weary of fishing take a swim in the pool.

Because there are fish in this pool does not mean that you can always catch them. On some days you can catch all you wish, and on other days you may not get a rise. I know of no more annoying experience than the feeling of exasperation and impatience and despondency and almost terrifying despair that the fisherman feels when others around him are catching fish and he fails to hook one. But fishing is an art, and like all the arts requires an infinite amount of pains. Your rod must be dependable, your line light and strong and your cast delicate, invisible if possible, and your fly must not be too big or too small with just the right amount of feathers to suit the conditions of water, and you must manipulate this combination with constant care. You must use judgment, too, in where you fish. Even then without a large amount of luck you may catch nothing. No wonder that some persons resort to bait-fishing, and others abandoning self-respect altogether, descend to "jigging," and intentionally foul-hook the fish.

Of the Falls Pool I can say that the scenery is wild and savage, and the water rushes madly through a narrow gorge from the deceptively calm water near the Falls to the high rock walls at the entrance to Sandy Pool. The fish are congested here and sometimes may be seen in layers behind a jutting rock as they wait for the signal from the king fish to proceed. The falls are about fifteen feet high, and it is a common sight to see the salmon leaping one after another out of the pool sometimes to fall back defeated. All must admire the courage and determination of the salmon in ascending the river to their spawning grounds. It is true that instinct drives them on, nevertheless their actions will never cease to appear marvellous to the human mind.

Since the conversion of the Railway between Cappahayden and Portugal Cove into a tolerable motor road, the number of persons going to Trepassey during the fishing season has increased tremendously. The North-West River is the best salmon river on the Avalon Peninsula. It is patrolled by a solitary warden who, incidentally, by clearing the paths and building a ladder down to the pools near the Falls, has considerably lessened the difficulties of getting around some of the dangerous places. It must be remembered that this river has not the same quiet beauty of the Salmonier or Placentia Rivers. Its beauty is of a more rugged kind, and yet at evening as I come tired and hungry, over the top of Dean Born's Hill and see the spires of the Church at Trepassey rising sparkling out of the mists above the distant village, I feel that here is one of the most beautiful views in our beautiful country.



# Harbour Grace History.

## Chapter Nineteen.

By W. A. Munn.



SPECIAL mention must be made of the Members elected by the people of Harbour Grace to represent them in the House of Assembly.

For seventeen consecutive years John Hayward took the lead from 1852 to 1869. He had as his colleague, J. L. Pendergast for at least twelve years. Both of them have been mentioned on different occasions in their efforts to build up the town.

Henry T. Moore was Lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade with Mr. Hayward, and became his worthy colleague in 1861. He had the greatest sympathy with the poor unfortunate people during the hard times of the sixties. On one occasion a deplorable riot took place the consequences of which looked so serious, that the Rifle Brigade was called out, and they were given instructions by the Magistrate to shoot if necessary to put down these acts of lawlessness. Mr. Moore was in charge of the Brigade, and was requested to name what ammunition he needed. He replied at once, "One hundred bags of Hard Bread." They were delivered to him, and he distributed them. The Riot was quelled without any blood shed, and this heart-felt sympathy was appreciated by all.

Ambrose Shea, afterwards knighted, was elected member at four elections, and upheld the dignity of the town in no uncertain way.

Sir James Winter was also elected, and it has often been said, that he with his colleague, Joseph Godden, did more for the District during their four years than any other representatives.

Capt. Charles Dawe was elected twice. Robert S. Munn was elected, and proved one of the hardest workers for the enforcement of the Bait Act.

After the exciting elections of 1869 when Confederation with Canada was rejected, and the country decided that for weal or for woe, they would continue on their own account, and would remain Britain's Oldest Colony.

International questions of great importance came to the front, particulars of which we must refer to at greater length in this chapter.

### The Halifax Award.

1871-1877—The Washington Treaty, or better known as the Halifax Award came up for ratification between England and the United States. Four of the British Provinces had formed the Dominion of Canada. The Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had taken very important exception in their Legislation at Ottawa to the way that New England fishermen of Gloucester and other places had indiscriminately used their harbours, and fished in their territorial waters. Many of the Newfoundland Legislature considered that, although we were sufferers in a like manner, still we would never get anything from the Americans, but Sir William Whiteway, who was then Attorney General, took very strong views that Newfoundland suffered from United States aggression in no uncertain way, and that we should be represented at this Arbitration. The British Government considered this point well taken, and we were asked to put our case in writing.

Sir William Whiteway was appointed as Council for Newfoundland, and together with W. J. S. Donnelly of Harbour Grace, and J. O. Fraser of St. John's were named to attend this Conference. Judge Bennett gets the credit for preparation of the case. His practical knowledge of the fishery at Fortune Bay and St. Pierre carried on by the Americans and the French fishermen was unequalled.

The British agents, Mr. Ford and Sir Henry G. Bergne, of England called at Newfoundland on their way to Halifax, and remained a few days. The case for Newfoundland was so ably drawn up, that there was no need for any changes, and was



SIR W. V. WHITEWAY, PREMIER, 1879.

placed before the Arbitrators at once. The United States lost the case on every point. They could show no reciprocity to Newfoundland fishermen, as we never frequented their coasts looking for fish or supplies, but the Americans were completely dependent on the British North American Provinces for their requirements right along our Coast even to Labrador. We proved beyond question that the American consumers benefited in every way by getting cheaper fish from Newfoundland catchers than they could possibly obtain from any Gloucester catchers.

The Canadians claimed great annoyance to their fishermen by these American fishermen entering their Harbours. A money award for a twelve year Treaty was agreed upon for these privileges, and the amount of Five and One Half Million dollars was to be paid in cash, of which One Million was to come to Newfoundland.



The pecuniary allotment to Newfoundland was not large, but it brought forward facts in the strongest way by an impartial authority, that our Newfoundland fisheries were the greatest in the world, of immense value and the privileges of fishing were of great importance to outsiders. It also established the magnitude to which these fisheries could be developed.

Within ten years another dispute came forward between the Newfoundland and the French fishermen, which led up to the Bait Act, which will be referred to later on.

#### Romances.

In a former chapter I promised further particulars, and the reader must pardon me if the dates do not come in their proper rotation.

1861, June 17th—George Makinson was married to Miss Elizabeth Norman, daughter of Captain Nathan Norman, M.H.A. at Brigus.

The welcome home to bride and groom, although sixty years has passed since then, is still related. The Volunteer Fire Brigade met the happy pair, and pulled their carriage through the town. That evening the town was enlivened with sky rockets, when the whole population turned out to serenade them. The old timers have told me, that the greatest celebration ever held in the British and Masonic Halls was on the occasion of the Banquet given by the firm of J. Munn & Co., when this marriage was taking place. I was fortunate enough to be given a keepsake from the trunk of our old friend, Victor Travers, who passed away a few years ago. It was the printed programme giving the toasts of the speakers, and is well worth relating.

R. S. Munn was in the Chair when the following toasts were given: They started with the right loyal ones to the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and His Excellency Sir John Hawley



HARBOUR GRACE—LOOKING SOUTH FROM NEAR LADY LAKE ROAD.

A terrific snow storm with about three feet of snow fell on this midsummer day. Ships on passage to Labrador were driven back for shelter, but nothing daunted, the bride and bridegroom were not disheartened. The well known passenger steamer the "Lizzie" called after the bride, commemorated this eventful occurrence to their many friends.

1862, May 27th—In an extract from a Harbour Grace newspaper we get the following: The steamer "Ellen Gisborne" left Harbour Grace with flags flying for Brigus with a party to attend the wedding of R. S. Munn, Esq., to Miss Elizabeth Munden, eldest daughter of Capt. A. Munden. There was quite a number of ladies and gentlemen on board. This steamer was tastefully decorated with flags, as was also the shipping in each port. How they managed a holiday for all at this, the very busiest season of the year was a conundrum that was often asked. The wedding of Mr. W. J. S. Donnelly to Miss Devereaux at Harbour Grace shortly after with special refreshments is often mentioned.

1879—The wedding of W. P. Munn to Miss Flora Clift took place in England and was made the occasion of great rejoicing.

Glover, then Mr. W. P. Munn and Lady. The leading townsmen then took part with eloquent speeches.

Mr. John Paterson proposed, "Our Country and its Mercantile Interests." This was replied to by Mr. Alexander Clift.

Dr. Wm. M. Allan proposed "Our Shipping." Responded to by Capt. Green.

Joseph Godden proposed, "Our Fishing Industries," which was endorsed by Capt. John Hennessy.

William Duff proposed "Harbour Grace, and the Prosperity of Conception Bay," which was replied to by John F. Aspey.

Capt. Henry Thomey proposed "Our Seamen," which Capt. Pike seconded.

James Hippiusley proposed "Our Mechanics," which Dan Fletcher supported in the heartiest manner.

Charles W. Ross proposed "Our Agricultural Interests," which was strongly endorsed by George Makinson.

Judge Bennett proposed the "Health of the Chairman, and the Best Wishes of all."

Special songs interspersed the speeches by F. W. Golder, and the noted silver-toned tenor, Thomas M. Cairns.



**Important Events of the Seventies.**

1870—John Munn is elected a Director of the Union Bank.

1871—The last records of Judge Peters appears in the Court House Records.

1872, April—The British ship "Impulse," Capt. King, was wrecked at Ochre Pit Cove with a valuable cargo of dry goods on passage from Liverpool to Harbour Grace. S.S. "Commodore" went to her assistance, salving all sorts of English clothing, boots and shoes, that brought relief to many a needy family. Scores of houses in Harbour Grace were filled for days with clothing hung up to dry.

Changes occurred this year in the firm of Punton & Munn. John Munn admits his son, W. P. Munn and his nephew R. S. Munn as partners with him, and in future the firm is known as John Munn & Co.

Brig "Susan" arrives from Queenstown with the dreaded disease of Smallpox, but it is quickly subdued.

The Red and White Buoys were placed this year to guide vessels to the proper channel at the Harbour Bar.

1873—A Town Bell is erected at the Public Wharf; John Lynch rings for dinner hour, and church service on Sundays.

June 6:h—The Corner Stone of the Total Abstinence Hall on Bannerman Street is laid by Rev. Father Falconia.

1874—Twenty-two Public Houses were licensed this year to sell Spirituous Liquors. Judge Bennett is appointed in charge of the Court House. There has been great improvements in the catch of codfish during the past year.

1875—John Munn & Co. have largely increased their business, and now supply many of Ridley's former dealers. This was the first year to send fish in half-drums to Brazil, a small quantity was used for stowage of cargoes. The first survey is made for the Railway to run from St. John's to Harbour Grace via Whitbourne.

1877, October 12th—The s.s. "Lady Glover," arrived this date from England for Conception Bay Service.

1879—John Munn now resides at Southport near Liverpool, where he died shortly after, having been a prosperous merchant of Harbour Grace for forty-five years—Interested in every enterprise for the welfare of the Country.

1880—A disastrous fire occurred in Kennedy's Block in which five houses were destroyed. If it had not been for the noble work of the Volunteer Fire Brigade the town would have again been burnt down. Mention must be made of a young man, Frank H. Archibald, who came to Harbour Grace, and started the manufacturing of boots and shoes in a modest way. Within ten years he had extended the business throughout Conception Bay, and he became the second largest manufacturer in Newfoundland. He was unfortunately attacked by a dread disease, and passed away in a few days at the early age of 33 years, regretted by all.

1881—Bishop McDonald, who took such a leading part during the next twenty years now takes charge at the R. C. Cathedral, and preached his first sermon on October 2nd. The death of Dr. Allan occurred on September 29th, creating a blank with every family in the harbour, and within a radius of many miles. The handsome barques "Flora" and "Clutha" were now added to the Harbour Grace fleet, and proved most successful in the Brazil trade. John Munn & Co. have increased their sealing fleet by the purchase of the s.s. "Greenland" and s.s. "Iceland" from a prominent Montreal Company, of which Sir Hugh Allan was President. They had also bought the "Mastiff" owned formerly by Ridley & Sons. This together

with the "Vanguard" and "Commodore" constitutes five of the best steamers prosecuting the seal fishery.

The winter of 1881 and 1882 will long be remembered as one of the most disastrous seal fisheries for Harbour Grace. The heavy Arctic ice reached Newfoundland early in January, and with continuous easterly winds remained on the coast. A body of this ice came into Conception Bay, and got frozen solid from Western Bay inward, creating a complete block at Harbour Grace for over two months. The "Vanguard" and "Mastiff" and six sailing vessels loaded for market were jammed in the channel cut through the ice from the Point of Beach to Salvage expecting to get free daily by the first favorable wind. The s.s. "Greenland" and "Iceland" were being docked at St. John's, and were returning to Harbour Grace for their outfits for the seal fishery, and had to remain at the edge of this Arctic ice near Western Bay, as it was so heavy there was no means of breaking or penetrating it. Fortunately the "Commodore" with her usual good luck had been sent to Pool's Island early in the New Year, and escaped this blockade, which remained in Conception Bay until the last half of March. In fact the "Commodore" was arriving with her load of seals just as the ocean swell from the Atlantic broke up this heavy ice blockade. It allowed her in safely as the others were proceeding out. It was too late in the season to be successful with the young seals, and the quantity brought in this year was very short of the usual catch. A similar occurrence happened to the "Vanguard" and "Greenland" in 1838, but nothing like the former occurrence was ever remembered before.

1881—The Labrador fishery is now being prosecuted enthusiastically by all the merchants of Harbour Grace, Carbonear and every port in Conception Bay, with scores of English, Welsh and Scotch vessels chartered to bring cargoes of salt direct to Harbour Grace during July and August, which were despatched from there to the different harbours on the Labrador coast, where the supply of salt was needed, and cargoes of prime Labrador codfish in bulk taken on board, sailing direct to the markets of Spain, Italy and Greece or to Gibraltar for orders. It was a busy and prosperous time for the whole population.

The Labrador herring fishery was then in its prime, finding important employment for coopers, manufacturing fifty thousand barrels each year. Vessels and steamers were needed to take these herring direct to Montreal and Boston markets.

At midsummer W. P. Munn sailed in the s.s. "Lizzie," which he had fitted up as a yacht, intending to call at each port at Labrador, where the firm had many men to prosecute the work, and complete arrangements for despatch of vessels to market. The news came suddenly that W. P. Munn had been taken ill, and was returning. Request was made to have a Doctor to meet him on arrival.

As the s.s. "Lizzie" steamed up to the wharf at Harbour Grace, her flags went half mast. Mr. W. P. Munn had just passed away from a paralytic stroke in his thirty-eight year. From a record still to be seen in the Court House at Harbour Grace we take the following: "This is the saddest day that Harbour Grace has ever experienced." It expressed in a forcible manner the feeling of the whole community.

**The Bait Act.**

1883—It became known that the French Government had passed an important Act greatly increasing the Bounties allowed to the French fishermen at St. Pierre, and the Great Banks of Newfoundland, which was to continue in force for 21 years. It was freely admitted that this enormous expense was to be the



means of increasing the French fleet prosecuting the fishery for the benefit of training more sailors for the French Navy. During the next three years the French fleet at St. Pierre were very successful, and were capturing the Newfoundland fish markets of Spain and Italy. They were enabled to do this by getting this bounty, which was equal to sixty per cent. of the value of the fish, and therefore, they could easily sell at a price below the actual cost of production by the Newfoundland fishermen.

The Newfoundland Legislature recognized the crisis that was occurring, and it only meant a short time before the trade of Newfoundland would be destroyed, and the Country ruined. The Newfoundland Legislature stated its position; they could not object to the French tariff that assisted their fishermen to find a market within France, but the granting of such bounties to capture the markets of foreign countries was a crime to the British trade.

The Bait Act was proposed and passed by the Newfoundland Legislature to prevent the sale of herring, caplin, squid or bait fish to St. Pierre, or allow any French vessel to obtain these

the Bait Act for Newfoundland, but it had taken this Country seven arduous years of intense competition to overcome which was draining the life blood out of the Country. The following facts will prove this:—

**French Fishery at St. Pierre and Bounties Paid.**

1882—Catch, 255 671 qtls. codfish, Bounty paid. \$400,000.00

1886—Catch, 579,392 qtls. codfish, Bounty paid. 1,000,000.00

1888, March—Judge Prowse was placed in charge of the s.s. "Hercules" and "Lady Glover," with competent officials to carry out this Bait Act. The result was disastrous to the Frenchmen. Instead of at least 54,000 barrels herring being procured in the spring of that year, it was found by the 1st of May that only 4,000 had been secured. It was not plain sailing by any means.

The fishermen of Fortune Bay considered themselves badly treated by having a lucrative employment destroyed, but it was not very long before they developed a fleet of banking schooners of their own, which has since then proved very profitable.

An amusing incident occurred when one of the Conception Bay bankers had got his supply of herring bait at Fortune Bay. In sailing for the Banks, the Captain put into St. Pierre for



S.S. "ICELAND" AND S.S. "VANGUARD."

products on our Newfoundland coasts. Notwithstanding the strong assistance of Sir George DesVœux, who was Governor of Newfoundland at the time, the British Government refused to allow the Act to pass. It created such excitement in Newfoundland that the Bait Act was passed again. Promises had been made by the British Government to France, which they said must be carried out in spite of Newfoundland's protest.

Newfoundland was determined to do all in her power to reduce the catch of codfish by the Frenchman and lessen their competition. It was an experiment ably conceived on the part of Newfoundland, and showed the world what this small country could do with a powerful nation like France working against her.

1887—This was the fiftieth year of Queen Victoria's glorious reign, and the Prime Ministers of all the Overseas Dominions met in London to express their congratulations and loyalty to her. Newfoundland was selected on this auspicious occasion as being the oldest British Colony to present the address to Her Majesty. During this conference of Premiers, Sir Robert Thorburn, took the occasion to bring forward the grievance that Newfoundland was suffering from lack of support by the British Government. He claimed, "*Newfoundland rights to control and legislate for our own fisheries.*"

In this he got all the British Colonies on his side, and eventually the British Government had to give way, and agreed to pass

shelter. The herring bait was so badly needed there, that he was tempted to sell his supply of bait, which was concluded with the help of French liquor. When the Captain realized what he had done, he skipped by the first chance for New York, as he fully expected to be "hung" if he went back to Harbour Grace. He left his vessel at St. Pierre, but the crew brought her home safely.

A Government Report on the Bait Act was so faithfully and forcibly written by Judge Bennett, that it caused a sensation. There was no person who worked harder for the enforcement than R. S. Munn, who was then M.H.A. for Harbour Grace.

The French Bounties still continue in spite of all our efforts, and this is what sets the price, and makes the business unprofitable on so many occasions for Newfoundland exporters. The Canadian and Norwegian Governments have since then been forced to grant similar Bounties to keep their fisheries in existence.

The Newfoundland Governor, Sir George DesVœux, pointed out faithfully in his dispatches to the British Government, that Newfoundland was suffering from what England believed was for the best interests of the whole Empire, and therefore, this Country should be compensated.

In our next we will have more to tell what efforts were made in Conception Bay to develop the Bait fishery.



# The Beothics of Newfoundland.

## CHAPTER II. CONCLUDED.—THE COMING OF THE WHITE MEN—THE RANGE OF THE BEOTHICS—THEIR HABITS, DRESS AND FURTHER DESCRIPTION.

By Rev. Walter Bugden.



UT to return! If we can trust, as we have said, our historians, the early years of our occupancy were honoured with good intentions towards those natives. Witness:

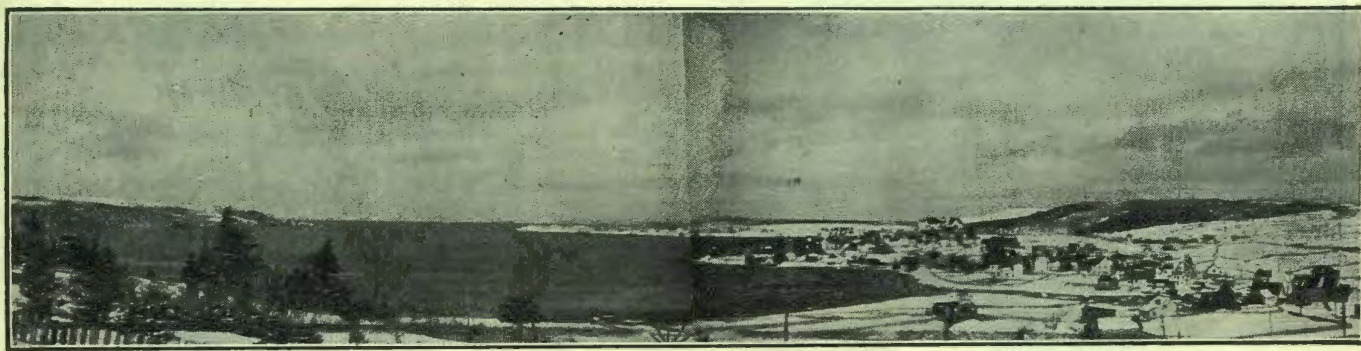
"A.D. 1610—Instructions to John Guy from the associates of his Company. . . . And we would have you assay by all good means to (capture) one of the savages of the Country and to entreat him (well and) to keep him, and teach him our language, that you may after obtain a safe and free commerce with them which are strong there."—Prowse, p. 96.

Of course the intention of this was not disinterested. England, as every other parent Country as a *raison d'être* looked upon this her first attempt at colonization, as a perfectly legitimate field for trade. In accord then with these instructions, we find

Bay West and North to Spread Eagle, opposite the beautiful harbour now called Dildo, thence across to Tickle Harbour with its "Bariswois" and salmon stream, and so on to Bay Bulls a fine sheltered inlet in the North-West.

The description of the Beothics, their possessions and methods, correspond with much of what have already been said. It is worthy of quoting in full. Guy observes their pleasant intercourse with the Red Indians.

"They are," he says, "of middle size, broad chested and very erect. They go bare headed, wearing their hair somewhat long. Behind they have a great lock of hair plaited with feathers like a hawk's lure, and with a feather on it standing upright by the crown of the head, with a small lock plaited before.



HEART'S CONTENT, TRINITY BAY,

Guy and men of his Company making a voyage of discovery to Trinity Bay, arriving at a place called Savage Cove—probably some sheltered creek on the way, and eventually Bay Bulls Arm, Tickle Harbour or Dildo, now unidentified, at the head of the Bay.—Prowse, p. 128.

The voyage is well described. The natives were met upon friendly terms and barter in trinkets was engaged in. The English sense of Justice is agreeably marked by the care with which Guy and his men continued their cruise about the Bay; "being careful to abstain from taking any of the furs, evidently left, by the natives for trade, without leaving some trinket in exchange."

In the account of this voyage the Beothic wigwams, stature and manner of dress are described, and their boats (canoes) and mode of travel receive attention.

Following this account of Guy's voyage, and continuing, Purchas or Colstone's letter, quoted from manuscript in the Lambeth Library, (Prowse, p. 133), we read, that the termini of the voyage are placed adjacent to where we have said, beginning at the harbour now called Heart's Content, circling the

"They wear a short gown or ca-sock made of stags' skins, the fur innermost, that come down to the middle of the leg, with sleeves to the middle of the arm, and a bear's skin about the neck.

"Their hair is diverse, some black, some brown, some yellow. Some of their wigwams are covered with skins. They have other shaped houses, covered with canvas obtained from some Christians, probably the Biscayans who had also given them some books, and a copper utensil which is kept very bright.

"Besides paddles they have some oars shaped like the Biscayan oars."

Their boats (canoes) are also well described:—"Twenty feet long, four and a half broad, not weighing a hundred weight, made in form of a new moon, which carry four men and are carried to all places of their removing."

John Mason followed Guy as ruler of the new Colony in 1615, and makes reference—"Of our discoveries, conferences with the Saluages, (and) hope of trade with the Saluages, and such like. . . . —Prowse, p. 104, 107.

Several writers seem opposed to any good word for the



English, and lay blame upon them for much of Beothic oppression and retaliation. Prowse has a forceful word in this connection—"That Guy's colony failed through the incursions of the Indians. . . . The statement is entirely opposed to the evidence of the Records." (page 110) Prowse, however, in dealing with the several unfortunate attempts at amicable relations with the Beothics at a later date, has this to say of the poor harried race:

"Exactly the same conduct was shown. . . . Whatever may be said about the Beothics, there can be no doubt they were a most bloodthirsty and treacherous race."—page 324.—We do not wonder.

The Records thus far available, 1502-1615, a period of one hundred and eleven years, carry with them a tone of honest friendliness towards the Beothics not to be lightly controverted or set aside either by vindictive or sympathetic rhetoric. What more do we need of the age? The tale given, fragmentary and incomplete though it be, is convincing, that the heart of the English rang true to its best traditions; that the well-being of every race with which it has come into contact, is at its deepest



DILDO, TRINITY BAY, LOOKING ACROSS THE ARM.

the object of its solicitude. In every case as in this, the causes for misunderstanding, hardship and persecution must be sought elsewhere. It is to be found here, as we have already hinted, in the cupidity evinced by the heartless trade tactics and selfish greed, engineered and encouraged by individual Europeans of whatever race. They were men who were unworthy of their name. So we pass on to the cloud-land of sorrows!

#### The Beothics, as the English Saw Them.

Historians have it that "the Beothics were a once numerous and powerful race, ingenious and of quick intelligence; that they had lived for many ages unmolested, and because of their numbers were capable of accomplishing much in their laying down lengthy deer fences."

Another writer with greater opportunities records, that "there is no evidence that the Beothics were ever numerous," and this is borne out strongly in the fact that they were never seen in great numbers, but in small parties, probably not more than a score at any time; and that they then appeared as a wondering company, foraging and trading. Occasionally they made an attack upon the property or persons of the settlers; still it is never said that their numbers were more numerous. The truth seems to be that they were spread over the Island in small

parties or even families, wandering from place to place as needs demanded, and so covering much ground.

Of their intellectual powers it is agreed that these did not go beyond the needs of daily life. "The Beothics did not advance beyond the savage state, and in common with the whole race of North American Indians, they were greatly inferior to Europeans in constructive and imitative faculties."

As we have shown elsewhere they did not penetrate into every part of the Island. Their range was along the river courses, visiting the inland waters in pursuit of game in common with all primitive people. That they ever used the uplands or reached the South shore of the Island is not evident. There is but one statement to the contrary, quoted by Rogers from "Hakluyt's Voyages," viz.:

"They sailed to . . . Penguin Island on the South coast of Newfoundland, to a Bay (somewhere west of Fortune Bay) where they saw savages."—Hore's Voyage of Discovery, 1536.

Hore's voyage might have continued on, around Cape Ray and into St. George's Bay where they might indeed have seen savages. Otherwise there is nothing to show that the Beothic "Indians" ever reached the South. There is no popular knowledge, there is no tradition amongst the people of the South, there are no traces in their remains, that the Beothics ever penetrated there.

To the Beothics' recognized lack in mental capacity and "quick intelligence" we have this to add: Innocent of the arts and requirements of civilization but at first disposed to friendly intercourse with the new comers, they nevertheless had all the disadvantages of the uncultured savage, which inclined them to hatred and revenge. That was their misfortune, which it were well had our early Colonists' better culture estimated.

In common with every race, there were very likely exceptional individuals amongst them, equipped with high intelligence, needing only the opportunity for assertion. With every race it is the comparative few, and not the herd who "sets the pace," the many it is who impress the character or the race. It was no doubt the same with the Beothic.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Beothic was not a robust giant either in strength or stature. He was a very ordinary man, not more than seventy inches in height, slim and well proportioned; their women were proportionately the same. He was muscular, agile and alert as became his manner of life. In features he was not unpleasing to the eye, though exposure in all weathers no doubt added a rough darker tan. His high cheek bones, diminishing chin, white teeth and penetrating eyes lent a sharpness to his every movement. The look, therefore, must have been wild and suspicious, as would be expected of one who depended upon his keen power for observation, in the forest and along the shore.

He wore his hair cut from below into two locks, as did the "Indians" from the Continent, the hind lock, as described in contemporary documents already quoted, bearing the number of feathers denoting his rank; the feathers from the wing of the goose, gull or bald eagle serving his purpose well.

It is strange to be told that there were blond "Indians"—with "yellow hair." Yet we have it in Colestone's letter, 1615, page 11.

In dress they resembled all the North American natives, wearing clothing made of the skins of the animals they slaughtered in the chase and with the hair or fur outside. In winter they used snow-shoes in their movements from place to place.

It is doubtful if they went bare-headed in the winter. There



is no record of their having been seen in that season. The Beothic woman Mary March whose portrait was painted by Lady Hamilton, the wife of Sir Charles Hamilton, Governor of the Colony 1818-1824, is depicted in contemporary dress of fox or beaver. The outer robe is worn close fitting about the shoulders but open at the breast. She is shown wearing her straight black hair falling thickly, but not long, upon her shoulders. She looks aside with all the penetrating sharpness and gleam of the spirit of the forest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here these people were found by the discoverers of the Country and here they remained; spread along the coast, particularly in the East and North-East. And whatever of "deer" (the cariboo of a later day), bear, fox, wolf, seal, otter, beaver, lynx and marten; geese, ducks of various kinds, the great auk and other sea-birds; the cod, salmon, trout or other fish they found, of these they took the necessary toll. There is no evidence that they hunted the walrus or the whale, though no doubt they knew of them, and there is a reference to their employment at the whale fishery at Trinity in the time of Whitbourne.

There is much said of their deer fences. These were constructed of trees felled in a continuous line along water courses at likely places and at the deer's migrating seasons to turn and direct the animals through openings, where they might watch and kill them in their approach to or crossing the rivers.

The Cartwrights and their men in 1768 observed such fences extending along the Exploits River for several miles, the whole series of fence estimated at from thirty to forty miles. These fences are said to be raised sometimes to the height of ten feet, sufficiently high to prevent the animals from overleaping them.

Bows, arrow shafts and spears were their means of hunting, and their weapons in attack. The bow was made of straight grained mountain ash or other tough wood. The arrow shaft and spear were made from pine, light and tipped with flint. These arrow-tips have been found numerous, and at various places, along the East Coast, and especially at Norris Point on the West. They were of flint or iron-stone cleverly shaped and sharpened, so cleverly and so beyond ordinary skill and without modern means, that they may be taken as good evidence of ability.

In moving over lakes and rivers and along the sea-shore at fishing, they used canoes. These were made of light frames of the white or yellow birch ingeniously bent and fastened in the shape of an open crescent. These frames either with side ribs like an ordinary boat, or with longitudinal laths bent and fastened from end to end, were covered with birch bark or with the seasoned skin of the caribou.

It is said that they could strip the bark from a growing birch large enough and of sufficient length to form the whole covering. The whole then could be fastened into a fine shape at each end, the boat to be propelled either way. The seams were closed and kept water-tight, or an injury repaired at will with resin from the conifers.

In fishing they used spears, and hooks made of bone; the specimens of these which we have seen cannot be called beautiful in design, their shape wholly depending upon that of the material used. For cord used for all purpose they used knotted sinew, and some form of vegetable fibre. We have seen the roots of the juniper (tamarack) as long as ten and fifteen feet, quite small, and capable when green of being used as binding of any sort.

The Beothics did not advance to the building of permanent

houses. In summer they often used the merest shelters possible, a few poles thrown over a "wind-fall" or spread and tied above in the form of a bee-hive tent, and covered from the rain with the usual birch bark, or a caribou skin. Failing these the shelter may be covered thatch-wise with any boughs and branches convenient.

In winter the wigwam (meotick, or mamruateek) was more strongly built and larger, with two or more coverings, caribou hides, moss, lichen and birch-bark. These winter homes were provided with an opening above to serve as a smoke vent. Within the wigwam, in order to add to their comfort in cold weather, they made holes in the dry earth which they lined with moss, down or fur.

When they cooked their meat, which they not always did, they broiled it over hot brands, or used a receptacle for water made of some hard and tough bark. A shallow pan-like vessel made of talc, or after the coming of the Whites, a metal kettle of any sort were priceless possessions.—(See Guy's Voyage.)



MARY MARCH, ONE OF THE LAST OF THE BEOTHICS  
IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

They knew no bread of wheat, as we know it, but wild roots and the plentiful berries of the country were largely used and provided their vegetable food.

But they lived largely upon flesh. Fish they sought each summer, probably for its saline properties; other fish they found in plenty along the lakes and streams.

In home life the Beothic, in common with most "Indian" tribes, were reserved and dignified; but we know little more of their social usages, whether they were strict monogamists or otherwise.

There is some evidence, however, that they treated their women with respect, while expediting them to do a large share of needful labour, cooking, making and carrying. The woman Mary March is said to have been captured, upon the death of her husband upon the ice of Red Indian Lake, while he was fighting fiercely to prevent her capture by John Peyton and his men. They are said to have married young. The woman Shanawdithit is said to have been married and to have been the



mother of two children. At the time of her capture her age was reasonably calculated at twenty-two.

From all that can be learned of them, they were bold, fearless and disposed to be friendly. The above story of the capture of Mary March goes to show that they were ready to risk their lives in defence of their women. The dead seem to have been buried with reverence, with their few personal belongings, their bow, arrows, spear, sometimes in their latter days with an axe—a tomahawk—which must have been secured from Europeans, and a lump of their paint laid beside the body, as if they looked for a life beyond.

We have elsewhere spoken of this paint as a preparation of ochre with animal fat which they used as a "war-paint." The idea was evidently borrowed from the custom of the "Indians" of the Continent; with the Beothics there is no certain proof that it was used particularly in this way, but usually as an unguent in dressing and as a protection from flies in summer and cold in winter. In accidents and illness they used preparation made from roots and herbs; there appearing to be evidence in this from our still speaking of *Ledum Grælandicum* as "Indian tea."



A GOOD BASKET—CAUGHT NEAR DILDO.

As a tribe, and similar with all North American "Indians," the Beothics held allegiance to a Chief and minor chiefs. Other than this, they seem to have had no form of, nor made advance in social government. That they were skilled woodmen, knowing the country well and able to make their way over it at will is to be expected. That they had faults and vices many, was also to be expected, being an untaught and therefore an uncultured race. That they were brave, fierce, vindictive and cruel, as more the result of the atrocious treatment to which they were subjected for two hundred years at least, a result not to be wondered at. Had they successfully asserted themselves, and had triumphed over their invaders and heartless plunderers, the conscience of the world would have applauded and had had another tale to tell.

It was however a harsh age. Slavery was in its heyday; it is recorded that as early as 1500 A.D. a Portuguese navigator named Gaspard Cortereal visited the New land and had captured and taken away into slavery to Portugal, as many as fifty-seven of them.

We have visited the places of the dead, where cold Science has gathered her trophies. Here are a few poor remains of

what once were an active people, living in the free and open air, pursuing their avocations of hunting, fishing and gathering; attending to their needs of food, clothing and all necessary things belonging to their comfort, as their state of intelligence permitted.

Here are a few fragments of bone, a skull or two, the small skeleton of a boy from Pilley's Island, in fairly good preservation, folded together in skin; and here and there lying side by side with these are some of the implements of their calling. Here are several arrow-heads of flint or iron-stone, a gouge and axe of stone, a small hatchet of iron, evidently obtained from Europeans. Fragments of bone are numerous—too numerous, and so pitiful that they need to be assembled here, broken and decayed. . . .

Here are a few articles of their handiwork: a bit of sinew sewing, a cup (manuane) of cleverly sewn birch-bark, a skin moccasin, some bone needles, a few lumps of "war-paint" from Sandy Cove, near Eastport in Bonavista Bay, and some trinkets of shell, soap stone and bright pyrites.

That is all. Fragments, fragments! The heart sinks as we view them. There is nothing to indicate more than the dawn of higher intelligence, though there is a dawning! There is no written word, no attempt at drawing or design, no remains of permanent work of building in wood, or stone or iron. And save these few remains the people themselves have vanished and left no trace behind. Slowly however we have gathered a few words, doubtful and faulty no doubt, of their language from the last of their race; most striking amongst these being, it is said, the word "Bethoc, Bethuk, or Beothic" the equivalent of our "Good Night." How it suggests their final good bye—good bye for ever!

(To be Continued.)

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# The Late Archbishop Howley's "Newfoundland Name-Lore."

Republished from "The Newfoundland Quarterly," Commencing October, 1901.

## ARTICLE XXXIII.



GENERALLY, after the issue of each of these numbers, I receive some additional information, or some new thought occurs concerning some of the names given. I like immediately to go back and make any remark that I may deem relevant or to add any omission or make any change suggested. Acting on this precedent I go back to

### Article XXXII.

The name of Barport, suggested as a substitute for Bar-harbour or Bar-Island was not acceptable to the people of the place. It was thought to hard or "bare" or "harsh" to the ear, and so the more euphonious name of

#### Bar-Haven

was suggested, and was at once accepted with pleasure by all parties. It conserves the memory of the natural features of the place and the original name, and sounds more gratefully on the ear. It will now be advertised in the *Gazette* as the new name.

#### Cobbleater.

This name I thought to be a corruption of

#### Coppaleen,

an Irish word for a small horse or pony. But it has since occurred to me that it is a perfectly correct Spanish word, slightly mispronounced, viz. :

#### Caballita,—

(pronounced Cavalyeeta) and strange to say it means exactly the same thing as the Irish Coppaleen. Whether the name was originally Irish, and corrupted to Spanish, or vice versa, it would be difficult to say. We are coming to a part of the coast now where there are a considerable number of both Spanish and Irish names.

There is a cove to the southward of Rushoon called by the people

#### Bay de John.

It is supposed to be a corruption of

#### Baie d' Argent

or Silver Bay, and so it is written and printed on many maps. But I do not think this can be correct as on the Royal French Map of 1784, though nearly all the names are given in French, this one is given as

#### John the Bay

and the westerly point of the land on Howley's map, 1901, is so given

#### John the Bay Head,

while the cove itself is given as

#### D' Argent Bay.

It seems a strange "topsy turvy-ing" of names. Why the name was given I have no idea. There are only a few houses there and I have never heard of any silver mines in the neighborhood.

A few miles southwardly from John the Bay on rounding Rocky Head (a name that speaks for itself) we enter the mouth of the splendid estuary of

#### Mortier Bay.

The name of which was a few years ago changed by the late Rev. Fr. Morris to

#### Mary's Town,

this change was made for the sake of distinction as there is a few miles south another bay which from time immemorial has been called by the French

#### Mortier, or Mortier Bay.

The name of Mary's Town was given first to the settlement, the principal business center which sprung up at the point about four miles from the entrance, where the frith narrows and the passage for large sized schooners ceases. Here several flourishing mercantile establishments have sprung up. Here there is a saw-mill, telegraph and post offices, &c., school, splendid new church and hall, and the energetic clergyman—Rev. Father Wilson—is now about commencing a new Presbytery. The scenery about this point, and all up to the head or bottom of the arm, is very beautiful. The water being landlocked and studded with woody islets, presents all the beauties of a silvan lake. The land on each side is very fertile and gently undulating, presenting a most favorable location for agricultural industry, and it has been availed of to an extent not surpassed at any place on the eastern side of the country. The shores of the "Arm" (about half a mile wide at the narrows, and gradually approaching each other) are studded with neat and tasty looking cottages, and ample and comfortable looking barns, byres, and farm-yard outhouses all showing an air of comfort and plenty, and quite refreshing to the eye.

At the north-eastern or starboard side on entering the Bay or Arm lies

#### Spanish Room.

This harbour is formed by an island, or rather a peninsula, as it is joined to the main land by a neck of beach at low water. There is a small cove here called

#### Cashell Cove,

the origin of which name I have never heard. The settlement of Spanish Room is of very ancient origin, as early perhaps as 1521. There are a few rocks or boulders heaped together on a small plain a little to the north of the settlement. They bear some resemblance to a stone-wall and an artificial mound. Tradition holds that they are the remains of an old Spanish or Portuguese Chapel. I have spoken of this place in describing Spaniard's Bay, (Art. XVI). On the southern or western side of the entrance to Mortier Bay is the little harbour of

#### Beauboy,

corrupted from Beaubois, beautiful wood. The name speaks for itself though at present it is a misnomer as there is very little wood of any kind there. Now, coming westwards, we meet a small cove called

#### Duricle.

Up to the present time I have not found any derivation or



meaning for this name. The same may be said of another cove nearby. It is called by the people

**Tight's Cove.**

It is sometimes pronounced

**Tide's Cove,**

and in Burin harbour there is an island bearing the same name. Tide's Island. This is supposed to be a family name. Near Tide's Cove Point, a short distance from the shore, there is a very remarkable high conical rock which is called

**Croney Island.**

It is about 170 feet high and is wooded at the summit "with steep cliffs to the eastward and bold to" (Maxwell, Nfld. Pilot).

The name Mortier is, of course, the French name for Mortar, a species of short cannon, very much in use in the old forts which are found studding our coast in all directions. The outlines of the fort at Mortier are still quite clearly defined, and some of the old cannon and pieces of ordinance are still to be seen covered with rust and imbedded in the moss. Coming southwards, and rounding the western point of Mortier, we enter the well known harbour of Burin. On the right is a small harbour called

**Port a Braw.**

This is a corruption of Port aux Bras—the harbour of the arms, or of the arm—though why so called does not appear, as there



BURIN HARBOUR.

The name is a corruption of the French

**Gros Nez,**

big nose, and is appropriately so called as it presents the gigantic form of a very pronounced nasal organ of the Roman or Aquiline type. There is a cape called Gris nez (gree nay) on the French coast near Calais.

About two miles west from the entrance of Mortier Bay or Mary's Town is the harbour mentioned above as

**Mortier,**

pronounced by the people as Morteer. It is inside the heads of the harbour or bay of

**Fox Cove.**

It was formerly called Little Mortier to distinguish it from Mortier, now Marystown. The distinction is no longer required since the name of Marystown has been accepted. There is, however, question of changing the name of Fox Cove, as there are so many places bearing the name all over the coast.

is no inlet worthy of the name of an "arm." The cliffs here are stern and upright, in fact in some places overhanging and of a forbidden aspect. A boat may be rowed right up to the rock as the water is bold, and to look upwards and see the rock projecting over head is quite thrilling. The rocks are of a dark colour deeply impregnated with iron. They are streaked and inlaid with most fantastic veins of snow-white quartz. The people have given fancy names to these phenomena according to the objects which they represent or the imagination creates for them. One is called

**Victoria.**

It presents a striking resemblance to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria sitting upon her throne wearing her Crown and a long flowing gauzelike veil, and bearing in her hands the globe and sceptre. Another,

**The White Horse,**

shows a very clearly outlined figure of a horse at full gallop, but



with his neck stretched outwards and downwards as if snatching a draught of water from the ocean without however stopping in his onward course.

The harbour of

**Burin**

is formed by a chain of rocky and high islands a short distance from the shore, and landwards it is bored or eaten out, as it were, into several coves and back arms which form little natural docks, admirably fitted for fishing rooms, stages, and flakes, and giving excellent and safe anchorage for skiffs. In former times Burin was one of the largest and busiest ports on the southern coast of the Island.

Like all the principal harbours on the southern and western coasts of our Island, Burin has also its

**Jersey Harbour,**

a large irregular inlet on the starboard or north-eastern side of the entrance containing many small coves and creeks. The remains of the large Jersey Room are still standing, though almost in ruins. In more modern times large "businesses" were carried on here by the Morrisises and Gormans, and others. On the left or port side of the entrance is the forbidding looking rock or island called

**Iron Island,**

also Dodding Island, on which at a height of 400 feet rises the fine lighthouse which is seen all over the bay. I have no idea of the meaning of the name, but most probably it is a family name.

**Pardy's Island**

also forms one of the chain which encloses the harbour on the outside. I spoke of this island in the Article XXXI., and showed that the name of Paradise is nothing more or less than Pardy's Cove. This discovery has been strengthened by a piece of information I since received from Miss Morris, Legislative Librarian, a native of Burin. She tells me the family name of Pardy, of whom there are still many survivors, is still commonly pronounced by the people as Parady.

As to the name of

**Burin**

itself, it has generally been stated, and accepted without question, that the word is the English word Burin, which means a graving or carving tool, and the origin of the name is the fact that land is cut out into these coves, and creeks and crannies. But anyone can see at a glance that this derivation is very far fetched and not at all probable. The Right Rev. Mgr. Sears, V.G., of St. George's, of whose Gaelic scholarship I have spoken in former numbers of this series, writes me as follows:—"As to Burin, I have no doubt, about its Gaelic origin. It is still called Bureen by the people. If it came from the French it would be pronounced Burang. Burin (pronounced Bureen) is a perfectly correct Irish word." It means a "low rocky place or promontory. The word comes from Bur, a rugged point. Bureen is the diminutive form. Dr. Joyce (Irish Names of Places) gives the form Bor (which means a big rock) on the authority of O'Donovan. In Kerry the Big-rock and 'point' would be interchangeable terms." . . . "The last time I passed Burin," Fr. Sears writes, "I made it my business to observe the configuration of the land. I then dropped the French engraver out of my hands for ever and took up the Irish Bureen."

I am strongly impressed with this derivation, especially as Fr. Sears claims Gaelic origin for many other names in this locality as will be shown in future articles.

APRIL, 1912.

† M. F. H.

**ARTICLE XXXIV.**

A little to the westward of Burin Harbour there is a long arm of the sea stretching northward into the land for about five miles. It is generally known as

**Burin Inlet, Or Burin Bay.**

It reaches within a very short distance of the head or bottom of Mortier Bay, so that there is but a narrow neck or isthmus between the heads of the two bays, making the land on which Burin is situated a peninsula, or almost an island. At the head of Burin Inlet is a small settlement called

**Salt Pond.**

I am not aware of the reason of this application of the name. Another small settlement near by is called

**Luna's Cove.**

This name also defies explanation. It may be Loon's Cove, the name of a sea-bird. At the entrance to Burin Inlet is a cove which was formerly called

**Spoon Cove.**

This name seems to be somewhat popular. There is a cove of the same name in Bay de Nord, Fortune Bay. Then we have Cuiller's Point, Bay, &c., being the same name in French; though what may be the exact idea conveyed by the name, it is not easy to devise. The name may convey the remembrance of some festive gathering, as in the case of Cremailliere (See Article VI). This name has now been changed to the more euphonious one of

**Epworth.**

A little further on we have a cove called

**Nancy Oh! or Nancyo.**

The first part of this name is the well-known and frequently occurring corruption of the French word L'anse a Cove. The latter part is more difficult to explain. At first sight it might appear to be of Keltic origin, as in Clown a yo. But it would be very unusual to combine the French and Irish languages in one word. It possibly may be L'anse a l'eau (pronounced lo), which would be equivalent to Fresh Water Cove. Then comes a place called

**Silver's Cove.**

This may be called from the name of a man. Silver's Cove is the scene of a thrilling marine tragedy, or episode, which has been preserved in the traditions of the people, being embalmed in the immortal verse of a local bard. I have been promised a copy of the effusive ballad, but have not yet been able to procure it. The "Pome" is based on fact. About the year 1857, or '58, a large barque was wrecked here. She was bound from New York to Liverpool. The vessel was over 800 tons and had 84 passengers aboard. The captain's wife was also a passenger. But it appears that he was "taken up with" one of the female passengers, and decided to lose the ship, his wife, and "all hands," excepting of course himself and his fair innamorata. Providence seemed to wink at his wicked designs. The ship reached Cape St. Mary's where they were delayed 14 hours by head winds. Finally it rose to a regular gale, and he had to put back and run for a harbour. He ran her ashore in this harbour. He would not allow the passengers on deck but battered down the hatches. They were all drowned except a few, who were taken off and brought to St. Pierre. The captain and his companion escaped in a boat. He was afterwards hanged in England. What became of the enchanting Medea, whose fatal attractions caused all this slaughter, deponent knoweth not.



Coming along the shore we meet

#### **Bass Point.**

This is Pointe Basse, or low point. The name is very frequent among the French as among our own fishermen; thus we have in Connaigre Bay

#### **Basse Terre,**

a low-lying land. The word Basse is used also by the French as a noun substantive, meaning a shoal or bank. This may be the meaning in the present instance, as the "Newfoundland Pilot" says, "The coast between Bass Point and Sawker Head is foul." Sawker is a corrupt pronunciation of the French *Sacree*—cursed—a very appropriate epithet in French sailors' parlance for a dangerous and rocky place. The "Pilot," says: "Bass Rock,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cables from Bass Point, a hummock of low rocks close to the base."

#### **Corbin**

is a conspicuous headland about eight miles westward from Burin. It is described in the "Pilot" as "a wedge-shaped, cliff-faced head, 180 feet high and bold to." The obvious meaning of Corbin would be crow head, a form of the word *Corbeau*, or it might be from the appearance of the land like a Corbel, French Corbeil, a well known architectural member.

At the western side of the entrance to the harbour of Saint Lawrence, arises the imposing mountain named

#### **Chapeau Rouge,**

red hat or cap. It is "a remarkable conical hill 748 feet high. . . . It is generally sighted by vessels bound to the south and east coasts from the westward."—(Pilot). The name is very appropriate; the rounded summit is very like a French *ouvrier's bonnet*. The name is somewhat generic, for such rounded summits; thus we have the *Chapeau de Miquelon*, on the island of that name. The qualification of Rouge (red) is also appropriate, whether it be derived from the brownish-red colour of the porphyritic rock, or from the ferns,—brackens (*fougeraie*) which cover the top and which in the fall turn to a bright brown-red colour.

The harbour of

#### **St. Lawrence**

is one of the prettiest and most frequented of the harbours on this peninsula. The origin of the name is also interesting. Mr. LeMessurier, in his Lecture on Placentia Bay, says:—

"St. Lawrence, near Cape Chapeau Rouge in Placentia Bay, was no doubt named by a Jerseyman. According to old charts, what is now called Little St. Lawrence was evidently the place first named St. Lawrence, and here was situated from the very earliest times of occupation a Jersey Room. The Nicolles held it for centuries, and sold the property to Newman & Co. early in the nineteenth century."\*

Mr. LeMessurier's statement, however, as to the first naming of the place seems to want further corroboration.

The first mention of the name we find in American History is in Cartier's Account of his Voyages in 1534-35, (*Relation Originale*). On August 10th, 1535, on his second voyage to Canada, Jacques Cartier arrived at a harbour near the mouth of the (present) River St. Lawrence. Cartier describes it as follows: "Vne moult belle & grade baye, plaine d'ysles & bonne entrees & passage de tous les ventz qu'il scauoit faire." (A very beautiful and large bay full of islands, and with good entrances and passage in all kinds of weather).

\* There is no vestige of this "Room" now visible. The harbour is completely deserted, there being only one or two houses there. A few years ago a very extensive whaling plant was established there under the management of Mr. Rismuller, but that also has been recently abandoned.

It was the 10th of August, festival of St. Lawrence, Martyr, on which Cartier discovered this harbour. Hence according to his usual custom he gave to it the name of

#### **St. Lawrence Bay.**

It is not quite certain what harbour this was, but it is generally believed to be that which is now called the

#### **Harbour of St. Genevieve. or Mingan.—(See Art. III.)**

The name afterwards spread to the whole Gulf and River which we now call the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, and finally to the whole Island of Cape Breton. This island was at first called

#### **Ile Royale.**

It was afterwards called (by the Basque fishermen) Capbreton after a town in Les Landes. It was not till Cartier's return from his second voyage, 1536, that it received the name

#### **"Ile St. Lawrence."**

The name is at present confined to a small bay or cove on the most northern coast of the Island. It is thought that this name might have been carried eastward (by mistake of the cartographers) and fixed to this harbour on the coast of Newfoundland. But there is another theory:—Among the Documents given by Hackluyt in connection with the Voyage of Sir Humphry Gilbert (1583) is "A Relation by Richard Clarke of Weymouth, Master of the ship called The Delight." It is given in full by Gosling (W.G.) in the "Life of Sir Humphry Gilbert," p.p. 261 et seq. "After leaving St. John's (Aug. 20) Gilbert with his companions sailed for Sable Island. They lost their way amid fog and shoals. On the 29th the Admiral ship (The Delight) went ashore on an unknown coast. Nearly one hundred souls perished, and all the provisions was lost. About fourteen men escaped in the pinnace, and after many days knocking about and drifting they came to land." "We rested there three days and three nights," continues the Relation, ". . . we named the place

#### **St. Lawrence in Canada."**

It has been suggested that this place might have been the present St. Lawrence, on the South Coast of Newfoundland, but it is not probable. Attending to the narrative, it would not have been impossible. The shipwreck of The Delight occurred somewhere near Sable Island, or the coast of Cape Breton. When the survivors got into the boat, "we had nothing to help us withall but one oare which we kept up the boate withall, upon the sea and so went even as the sea would drive us." But the wind kept southwardly all the time, driving them northerly. They were in this plight for seven days and nights before being thrown on the land, "and at 3 of the clock at afternoone we came to land. All these seven days and seven nights the wind kept continually south. If the wind had in the meantime shifted upon another point, wee had never come to land! Wee were no sooner come to land, but the wind came clean contrary at North, within halfe an hour after our arrivall."

From this it will appear that they might have landed on Newfoundland. They would only have drifted about 250 miles, or about 30 miles a day, but the description given of the country they alighted on, does not all apply to any part of the coast about our St. Lawrence. "There were all sorts of berries plentie, and as goodly a countrey as I ever saw. Wee found a very fair plaine champion ground" (level country) "that a man might see very farre every way: by the sea-side was here and there a little wood with goodly trees; as good as ever I saw any in Norway, able to mast any Shippe;—of pyne trees, spruce-trees, firre, and very great birch-trees. . . . Wee found great store of peason as good as any wee have in England; a



man would think they had been sowed there. . . . We rowed our boate along the shore thinking to have gone to the Grand Bay, (Qu. Sydney?) to have come home with some Spanyards which are yearly there to kill the whale." . . . "Wee came to a very goodly river," (after rowing along shore for five days) that ranne farre up into the countrey, and saw very goodly growen trees of all sorts." They finally came up with a ship from St. John de Luz which brought them home to France.

Anyone conversant with the topographical and physical features of the southern shore of Newfoundland will perceive at once that his description does not correspond with the geographical contour of the land near St. Lawrence, nor, indeed, with any part of the southern shore of Newfoundland. It does, however, accurately describe the natural features of the eastern shore of Cape Breton Island. The fact also, of their meeting up with a ship of St. Jean de Luz, which had been whaling, is another proof that the country could not have been Newfoundland, as we have no account of such fishing on our shores in these days. The earliest map I know of, which gives the name of St. Lawrence (C. de S. Lorenza) is Jacobscz's map of the year 1621. After that it appears regularly on all the maps extant.

At the western entrance to Burin Harbour is an island called

#### Shalloway,

the meaning of the name I have not discovered. It may be a proper (family) name, or it may mean a bad passage—shallow—way, but this is not likely. There is another Shalloway near Point Moll, Argentina. The people never use the word shallow, but always shoal. Other islands are

#### Dodding Head Island,

which is 405 feet above the sea, on which stands the lighthouse. The meaning of the name I know not. Other Islands are Galloping Island, Pardy's Island, Poor Island, and others of no antiquarian interest.

#### Nancy Jobble

is a corruption of L'anse a Diable, Devil's Cove.

A portion of the shore at the eastern entrance of St. Lawrence Harbour is named

#### Callipouse,

another undeciphered name. At the western entrance, right under Chapeau Rouge is a rock, exactly in appearance like that at the entrance to Ferryland, and bearing the same name, viz.:

#### Hazures, or Hear's Ears,

and the channel behind it, or between it and the main cliff is called also by the name of Ferryland. The meaning of these names is fully explained in Article VI. and XXV.

We now come to a name of some interest, the harbour of

#### Lawn.

Various interpretations have been given, but none altogether satisfactory. The more general opinion is that the word is French, being simply L'ane (the ass) which in the broad pronunciation of the Breton fishermen becomes Lawn. It is also suggested that the early French writers give us the name of L'asne Sauvage (pronounced Lawn Sovabge) wild ass, as being applied to the Cariboo (see Sagard, Relations des Jesuites). The Cariboo were often seen here. On Popple's map (1736) we have Trou de L'asne.

It has also been suggested that it was so called because it is not easy to enter it on account of the great "send" or "undertow" and so made asses of those who try to enter. This is very far-fetched, and altogether inadmissible.

Another suggestion is L'aulne (pronounced Lawn or Loan), which means an alder tree; this name of course would apply to almost any harbour along the coast. There is a river called L'aulne (pronounced Lawn) emptying into the harbour of Brest in Brittany. (Reclus Geography, Vol. III., p. 261.) Again my Gaelic friends derive the name from a Keltic word, Laena (pronounced Launa) means a meadow, or our English Lawn. This, however, would apply more appropriately to the neighbouring harbour of Lamaline, the flat land of which is to this day called "the meadow" Lawn, in Irish also mean full, (everyone has heard of the cruiskeen lawn). This might apply to the strong, full tide or current mentioned above Lawn is also the name of a river in Kerry.

A small cove near Lawn is called

#### Nancy Bank,

i.e., L'anse a Barque (boat cove) as being a good place for small boats to anchor. In Maxwell's "Pilot," it is called Lansey Bank, which would be L'anse a Bank, or Bank Cove.

#### Lord's Cove

is probably Lard Cove. The French use the word Larde (pronounced broadly Lorde) for Pork, and we find that the gastronomic or culinary sense enters largely into their ancient nomenclature.

#### Taylor's Bay

is most likely called from a proper name. The French maps (see Royal map of 1744) give it as "Baye du Tailleur," or Tailor's Bay.

#### Point aux Galls,

or Point à Gaul—Frenchman's Point, is a mistake for Point égal—low, or level point, or flat point. "A low narrow promontory.—(Sailing Directions).

#### Round About

is probably a corruption of Rends à bout (pronounced Rond a boot). That is to say, sail up to the end, bottom, or head; probably alluding to a good anchoring place.

#### Lorries

is a name of which I have not found the meaning.

We now come to a name which has given rise to a good deal of discussion, viz.:

#### Lamaline,

or Lamelin. The acceptance of the meaning of this word hitherto generally received is

#### La Maligne,

the bad or cursed place, conveying the same meaning as sawker. It is certainly a very dangerous and difficult place for a ship or boat to get into, owing to the number of shoals and sunken rocks lying outside the harbour.

The settlement is situated on a low-lying flat, almost swampy land, known as "The Meadow" as mentioned above. The harbour is formed by two islands named Allan and Morgan Island respectively. On the former is a neat new Catholic church and a large settlement.

My Gaelic philologists, however, claim this name also as Irish and give many probable derivations. Thus

#### Lamaleen

in Irish means the great northern diver. Again, Lom lin means a bar or low pond with level land around.

NOVEMBER, 1912.

† M. F. H.





# Some Poets of Newfoundland AND THEIR WORK.

(Concluded)—By Robert Gear MacDonald.

**M**r. Jack Turner is the most distinguished of our War Poets, and his work during and since the war speaks for a large number of our Boys who bore the brunt of that sad time, many of whom never came back. His verses have a manly ring, and show a robust imagination. Mr. Turner is, and always has been, an open air man; and the breezes of the front blow through much of his non-military verse.

Miss Mina Brown is one of the younger among our poets. Her work is largely concerned with the more ordinary details of life, but always with that saving quality of imaginativeness and fancy, which give distinction to the common round and daily

and humorous poetry. The temptation to quote largely from Miss Miller's work—though many of you here must know something of it—is almost irresistible; but it must be restrained. Here are a few lines about Conception Bay.

O Bay of beauty, wiser lips than mine  
Have praised your loveliness. They have compared  
The limpid waters mirroring your Isles  
With the fair bay of Naples, where there smiles  
Italy's golden sunlight; some have dared  
To say your sunnier sunsets are as fine!

I only know that through your charm, your mystery  
Of crescent curves that sweep to far blue lands  
Fair with dawn's daffodil or evening's rose,  
Or faint in the light of the moon there glows  
Some quality this spirit understands.



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task. She is a lover of animals, and that section of her poems—there is that beautiful little one on the dog—shows affection for and understanding of, the lower creation.

Since then other younger writers have arisen in the outports; there is in fact a little group in the northern part of the Trinity peninsula—Mrs. Fanny Ryan Fiander in Trinity itself, Charles Granger, of Catalina, and Bertille Tobin of King's Cove. All these have written valuable verse, and better things may be expected of them all.

But if Dan Carroll is the finest of St. John's poets, the palm of the outports must unhesitatingly be given to Miss Florence P. Miller of Topsail. Her little book, published a few years ago, called "The Land of the Cariboo," is full of good things. It is, some of it humorous, some of it sheer beautiful poetry. Miss Miller is, I think, the only one of our local writers who has been able to give our Newfoundland vernacular just that touch of art which it needs to make it a proper vehicle for colloquial

Or, here is a perfect piece of outport boy's vernacular:

## The Wopsis Nest.

Yestidy in our garden we found a wopsis nest  
Purttiest lookin' thing you ever see!  
Every little groove of it smooove and silver dressed  
An' it hung on our syringa tree.

Wonered if the wopses happened to be out?  
Jerry thought there was no sound of life;  
Never seed none neither; then Jim got his knife  
Said he'd soon make sartan sure, no doubt.

So he cut the thread that tied it to the tree  
Gee! but this ol' poultice's awful wet;  
Jerry's face is tied up too. That sort of comforts me;  
But 'tis a wonder Jim's not running yet!

There must be a number of omissions, but it is as impossible to mention everybody as to say everything. It is only necessary to mention the verses of William Swansborough, with his "Toprail, Beautiful Topsail," and other things; and of



Anastasia Hogan; both of these brought out small collections of verse before or about the close of the 19th century. Single speech poets fall out of our view almost altogether, though Mr. H. Y. Mott's "Tank Talk" is well known. Rev. W. Bullock wrote at Trinity a Hymn beginning—

"We love the place, O God,  
Wherein Thine honour dwells."

for the consecration of a church. The Hymn contains one specially beautiful stanza—

"We love thine Altar, Lord,  
Oh what on earth so dear?  
For there, in faith adored,  
We find Thy Presence near."

and is known and used and loved in every part of the world in the Anglican communion. Dr. Bullock was afterwards the Very Rev. Dean Bullock.

There is another list which must have mention, if nothing more, Newfoundland poets who have done most of their work abroad, or now reside there. In this group are the late Rev. Dr. Frederick J. Smith, Rev. Alan Pittman, a brother of Mrs. Alex. Mews; R. H. Tait (author of "The Trail of the Caribou"), and Mr. E. J. Pratt, a brother of Messrs. J. C. & Calvin Pratt.

One must, however, say a word or two about the last named of these. Mr. Pratt is Editor of the Canadian Poetry Magazine: and of all those I have mentioned in this lecture, has devoted himself most to the production of poetry. His first book "Newfoundland Lyrics" is good, and introduces some new and modernistic strains into the description of our scenery. And he has published several volumes since, each of which has added further to his reputation. Of all the Newfoundlanders who have written verse Mr. Pratt is the one who has most made a vocation of Poetry; and his talents as well as his volume of verse place him at the head of all Newfoundland poets living or dead.

The latest book of verse published in Newfoundland is the Rev. W. H. Dotchon's "Chronicles of the Christ." Mr. Dotchon is a respected Minister of the United Church, now retired from active service. Though not born in Newfoundland he has been here so long as to have become virtually one of ourselves, and his wife belongs to one of our best known families.

These Chronicles were first published in the Monthly Greeting, and are now gathered together. It is striking that this latest book has the very same purpose as the first book of poetry (so far as we know) written in England, the poem of Caedmon, with which the great stream of English Literature began—that of putting in verse for the instruction of the people of the time, some part of Holy Scripture.

[Since this lecture was delivered, the Rev. Walter Bugden has gathered together some of the best of his verse into a little pamphlet appropriately called "The Sheaves." Mr. Bugden's poetical talent flowered late and most if not all of the pieces printed in the "Sheaves," including that on the Beothics "The Native Cry," were I understand written during the last half dozen years. Mr. Bugden (as well as his ancestors for several generations back) has his spiritual and cultural roots deep in our soil, and his thoughtful verse—much of it naturally religious and ethical in tone—shows the true Newfoundland spirit. I hope Mr. Bugden will continue to write, and to publish verse from time to time.]

It is quite impossible to deal, at the end of this already long lecture—indeed it would need at least as long a Lecture even to give a "sketch" of it—in the Newfoundland sense—it is I say out of the question to deal with that remarkable volume Ballads and Songs of Newfoundland, collected and edited by

Elizabeth Bristol Greenleaf, with many tunes to match collected or taken down by Grace Yarrow Mansfield, and Miss Greenleaf herself, who acted as editor. There is in that work an immense collection of songs sung by our people on the North and North-West Coasts. Some of them are English, Scottish, Irish and American songs or shanties, others belong to our soil and coast waters. And the collection is pretty exhaustive. These two ladies have done their work well and thoroughly. There is one omission, however, which they note. They tell us that they have been unable to obtain in Newfoundland more than a mere snatch of a famous West Country Ballad "The Golden Vanitie, and mention it with regret. Now I cannot claim any great knowledge of these songs; the majority of the "Ballads and Songs of Newfoundland" are new to me; various compilations, those by the late James Murphy, and of course Mr. Doyle's publication, have told me nearly all I know about these things. Though, like most other St. John's men, I have some outport ancestors and connections, it was never my good fortune to spend a winter in an outport, which alone would give me an opportunity of hearing outport songs to any extent. But as it happens, I have heard "The Golden Vanitie," with slight variants, but much in the same terms as I heard the Westminster singers sing this ballad, many years afterwards, sung in full, when I was a boy.

In the summer of 1888 I left Catalina, in the latter half of August, in the small coasting schooner "Spy" to come to St. John's. The "Spy" was only a little over thirty tons, and did not even have a steering wheel, a tiller was used for that purpose; and though a staunch little vessel was not a good sailer; nor could she lie very close to the wind. On the first day, though other ships made it, the "Spy" could not reach along far enough, and put into Trinity harbour in the evening, remaining in that spacious and beautiful harbour all night and far along into the next day. But after sunset, just as the lighthouse began to gleam, the wind though light being now favorable, we left Trinity behind and crossed the bay to and through Baccalieu Tickle, on our way to my native harbour. It was a beautiful evening, the sea was smooth and civil, the sky, as the stars came out, calm and solemn. I sat all night on deck, and to while away the hours one of the crew sang for me "The Golden Vanitie." It was an enchanting experience. The bearded and grizzled helmsman, the words and the notes of the song, though his voice was rough, and he sang it Newfoundland fashion, as if he wished to linger on, to "chew over" as it were every syllable and give it its full value as he crooned out the romantic and tragical fate of the Boy, the wicked Captain, the lovely maiden and "Turkish enemy," made for a boy of fourteen, whose mind was already beginning to appreciate the inexhaustible beauties of Nature and those almost inexhaustible of poetry art and song, a thrilling, if unusual experience. I have never forgotten old Tom Nolan and the "Golden Vanitie."

Well Mr. Chairman and Ladies and Gentlemen, the task I have set myself has been accomplished. I hope you have found its accomplishment of some little interest. Love of our country, and very many of the poets mentioned by me, nearly all of them indeed, have loved this beautiful country of ours; the migrants as well as the natives, have wished her well, and have done their bit to record her charms, and to give their fellow-countryman some of their own pride in her.

If I have been able in any slight measure to kindle or to feed the sacred flame of love for our Country, which does not at all mean dislike for any other country, I shall feel well repaid for any time I have spent or any effort I have made—and I will own that the task has been found a much more inclusive one than I at first dreamed—I shall indeed feel more than amply repaid.

NOTE.—I much regret an error which occurs in the second instalment of this lecture. I wrongly attributed the well known poem "Where the Speckled Beauties Lie" to Mr. W. J. Carroll. The author was, of course, my respected friend the late M. A. Devine, who in his day wrote so much good verse.



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## ❁ Mission of Peace. ❁

By Ethel Weir.

(Munich Agreement Signed September 29th, 1938.)

EVENTS move fast. We must not be  
Too hasty in our judgment. He  
Knowing grave issues were at stake,  
A peace with honour tried to make.  
Humbling himself as none did e'er,  
He made the journey in the air,  
Unto the mountain-side retreat,  
The great dictator there to meet.

Then face to face, the talk began  
Involving peace or war. One man  
Would in a conflict plunge to gain  
His one fret end—a world domain.  
The other, resolute and composed  
Discussed the plans for peace proposed.  
His was a courage that was rare,  
Inspired by the nation's prayer.

A last appeal, then came the call  
To that historic conference. All  
Hope had departed, war seemed near,  
With safety measure everywhere;  
And grim foreboding its course ran  
As mobilizing talk began!  
Then while an anxious Empire prayed  
The four great powers their compact made.

What great ovation! Cheer on cheer  
For the great statesman rent the air,  
And thanks are voiced by tongue and pen  
Unto the God who gave such men—  
Men with a leadership of right  
Mer who would sway the force of might,  
Until the dawn of a new day,  
When righteousness and peace will stay.

## ❁ Unwanted Gold. ❁

By Bertille Tobin.

I CATCH a glimpse of golden leaves  
And quickly turn away,  
It's foolish, yes, but my heart grieves  
For clearly those leaves say  
Summer's story is nigh told,  
The Autumn soon will reign,  
And e'en though Autumn doth charms hold  
It, somehow, hints of pain.

We look ahead to summer days  
When snows begin to yield.  
We're planning for the summer's ways  
Whilst frost has earth congealed.  
We count each day of early Spring,  
And discount all its chill  
With warmth of what July will bring  
And thoughts of August's thrill.

Then, when the trees are brides bedecked  
To greet each roseate dawn,  
And grasses are with dew gems flecked,  
And flowers jewel each lawn,  
Earth is a beauteous place, indeed,  
A hint of Paradise  
In sparkling brook, gold spangled mead,  
And softly gleaming skies.

But greatest pleasure that attends  
Summer to me appears  
To be the chance of meeting friends  
One has not seen for years.  
No wonder that I shrink to see  
The gold that spells decay,  
The gold that spreads from tree to tree  
As Summer turns away!



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Fire	Civil Commotion
Lightning	Bursting of Water Pipes
Explosion	Bursting of Heating Apparatus
Earthquake	Burglary
Thunderbolts	House Breaking
Subterranean Fire	Theft and   or Larceny
Riots	Aircraft
Strikes	Loss of Rent
Loss of Cash or Bank Notes	

Truly a Comprehensive Policy at a very  
small extra cost than a Fire Policy.

ENQUIRE FURTHER  
**STEERS LIMITED,**

'Phone 2500.

Insurance Department.

### Welcome Coal!

At the request of many of our customers we  
have decided to again import this Coal.

This is a very high grade **English Coal**, it  
is clean burning and the most suitable for domes-  
tic use. If you have never used it, ask someone  
who has.

**WELSH ANTHRACITE.**

Absolutely the most economical and best **Coal**  
for heating.

Ask those who have used our **Anthracite.**

## A. H. MURRAY & Co., Ltd.

'Phones 3400—3401—3402.

## “Our Own”

### *Bread and Cakes*

*of the Highest Quality.*

Many Pleasing Varieties.

Outport Enquiries Solicited.

Best by Test.

## EAST END BAKERY, Ltd.